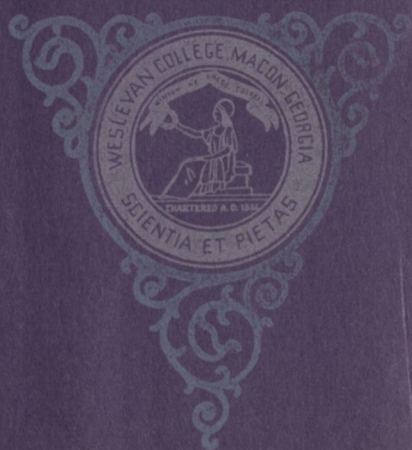




# THE WESLEYAN

*Commencement Number*







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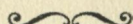
WESLEYAN COLLEGE

MACON, GEORGIA

VOLUME ~~XII~~ XXX

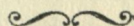
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THE WESLEYAN IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS AT  
WESLEYAN COLLEGE. SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, ONE DOLLAR A  
SEMESTER. SINGLE COPY, THIRTY-FIVE CENTS.

*Entered as second-class matter at  
the post office at Macon, Georgia.*

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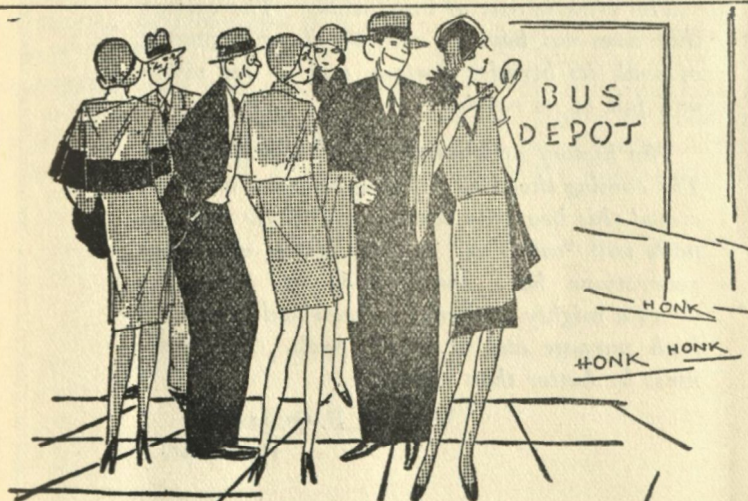
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## Foreword

### COMMENCEMENT

*Life is a series of beginnings again. Out of grammar school, the child passes into the high school. Graduation from high school opens the door for admission to college. Commencement at college is the beginning of a larger and more useful life in service and in consecration.*

*The same is true of institutions. The college that does not have its rebirth, its enlargement of soul, its broader horizon and its far vision will fail of its mission.*

*The history of Wesleyan reads like romance. The coming thousands of young women who will crowd this beautiful campus and these spacious halls will "carry on" as their sisters of former generations have done. Such an institution offers a mighty challenge to men and women of high purpose and of heroic souls. Tomorrow must be better than today.*

WILLIAM F. QUILLIAN,  
President.

## Among the Contributors



N this, the last number of The Wesleyan, the members of both the old and the new staffs have collaborated, as the signatures of the various articles will show. Miss Winnifred Jones, the new editor-in-chief presents a story, "Patricia, Please"—a sketch of a youthful romanticist during the "age of confusion"—and her first editorial, "The Architecture of Dreams."

Miss Sarah Erwin, the new junior literary editor, catches the immediate and increasing interest and suspense of the reader in her story, "The Man in the Attic."

The junior associate editor, Miss Martha Cooper, has written a playlet in one scene based on an Indian legend, "The Legend of Oclahatchee Spring." The names of the characters would probably have to be abbreviated in a production of the scene.

Miss Melissa Jack, sophomore literary editor, gives her personal attitude toward commencement as the representative of the freshman class. "A Peach of a

Story", by Miss Mary Cotton, the new circulation manager, has an unusual twist at the end which explains the title. Miss Elizabeth Anderson has taken care of the exchanges in this issue.

Several new names are among the contributors to this final number of the magazine. Miss Nancy Stewart, of the senior class, shows ability in both her poem, "Hope", in Lavendar and her short story, "Percy and Percy". Miss Louise Pittman also presents a poem and a short story.

Among those who represent their classes in their views of commencement is Miss Helen Ross, next business manager for The Wesleyan. In Lavender is a poem by Miss Caroline Owen, assistant advertising manager, and Miss Louise Mackay, advertising manager, has written an editorial. Drawing conclusions from this list of contributors, one finds that the incoming staff promises combined literary and business ability. The old staff wishes its successors good luck and continued success in both phases of work on the Wesleyan for 1929-1930.



## The Man in the Attic

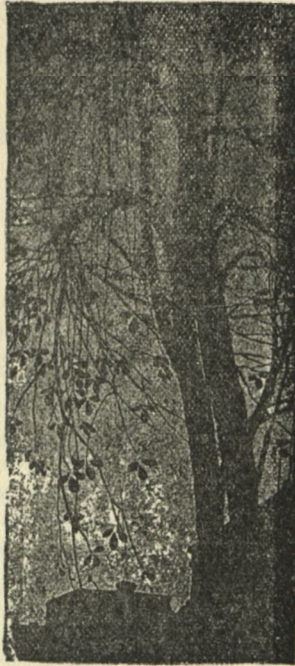
By SARAH ERWIN



LOUDS of yellow smoke drifted along the cart trail and the red rim of the forest fire crept out of the hollow and fitfully ate into the corn patch in the valley. The hollow beyond was a raging furnace. The flames leaped from tree to tree like frightened squirrels and ran down the great trunks to the ground where the underbrush crackled. Every living creature had fled the fiery place. Out of the smoky clouds above sped the birds with dry screams and out of the charring underbrush burst the forest animals with blackened feet. Even the brook ran sizzling and sputtering with glowing embers toward the cool valley and the prairie beyond. The old cart trail, scarred by falling timber still aflame, wandered helplessly on, hemmed in by walls of fire.

And down this burning trail came a man. He came in a slow desperate trot which slackened into a stagger when he caught sight of the valley. Painfully he struggled on past the corn field, turning out of the trail, and with one last effort crossed a weedy stretch of ground and fell on the bank of the stream.

I leaped from my horse and left him on the bridge while I quickly followed the man down the banks to keep him from throwing his feverish body into the water. At first I allowed only a few drops to fall from my drinking cup on his parched tongue. He did not fight for it but with closed eyes and torturous swallows he slowly drank. His lips were parched and cracked, and his hair hung



dry and stiff on his forehead, which was almost as blistered as his cheeks. The shoulders of his blue shirt, with rolled sleeves and open neck, showed a score of small holes where burning sparks had fallen. His khaki trousers bore the same marks, and his shoes were as hot as desert sandals. He lay heavily against my shoulder, and I wondered if I could get him upon my horse and carry him across the valley to my cabin, where Molly could care for him while I circled the fire to get Dr. Brambley. But when I moved he groaned, opened his red eyes, and stared at the trail down which he had come. His head rolled on my shoulder, and in an

agonized voice he spoke, "Oh! that I had never seen it. If only I had never seen it!"

What a shock it must have been, I thought, to come as near to a fiery death as this man evidently had. In spite of his moans, I lifted him to his feet and half carried him to the road where I whistled for my horse, still standing on the bridge. The man tried feebly to climb into the saddle, but I had to lead the horse into the gulley beside the road before he could mount. He swayed in the saddle as I leaped on behind him and turned the horse around to start home.

The stranger's condition necessarily made our traveling slow, and it was noon before we reached the house. I put our guest to bed while Molly made some broth for him. Then I set out for Dr. Brambley.



It was almost dusk when the doctor and I left Ringgold together and started back. As we rode along I told him more about the fire as we valley people had seen it. The last stretch of woodland, which had been the pride of Mike Waters, was now a forest of blackened tree trunks and charred underbrush. Waters was a hard, selfish man who had lived aloof with his wife. A few of the valley people who had ventured through those woods to Waters' cabin said that his wife was a quiet, pretty, little woman, but they had never seen her in Ringgold since the day she came through as a bride from up the road. The valley people were sorry that this strip of woodland on the edge of the prairie was gone, but it was not for Waters' sake. We rode the last six miles in silence. It made me a little sad to ride with the dry autumn wind in my face bearing the acrid smell of the burned forest.

Benjamin had heard the traveling of our horses and was waiting in the side yard to stable them for us. The moment we alighted he cried, "Dad, the fire burned down Mr. Waters' cabin and all his out-houses. They've found two skeletons in the cabin, a man's and a woman's. Nobody knows why they didn't escape. They can't find a single thing except Mr. Waters' shotgun out by his well with one empty cartridge in it. I guess he'd been hunting and just left it there."

This news was quite a surprise to the doctor and me, but we decided not to discuss it until after he had examined our patient. The man was awake though still dazed. However, he bore all of Dr. Bambley's probings and treatments manfully. He was suffering more from shock than anything else. As I watched Dr. Bambley carefully painting each little scar and burn, my mind puzzled over the Water's tragedy. And suddenly I unconsciously spoke out, "Doctor, what in the world kept Waters and his wife in his cabin until they burned? They could easily have escaped to that old brick hut to the east of the house."

Before Dr. Bambley could answer the man on the bed half raised himself and cried excitedly, "Oh, no, they couldn't.

It was locked—the cabin was locked."

"Lie down, my young man," said Dr. Bambley firmly. "We don't know anything about the matter!" He gently laid the man on his back, but the stranger reared himself up again on his elbows and insisted wildly, "Yes I do. I was there. I saw him lock it—and the windows, too."

"Man, you're crazy!" I exclaimed.

"I am not!" the man almost pleaded with us to believe him. "I tell you I was there. I saw it!"

"What did you see?" asked Dr. Brambley lifting the pillow behind the man's back and setting him comfortably.

For a few minutes he gazed through the room with the wide eyes of a man who has just looked upon the terrible tragedy of human suffering. Then he drew a heavy sigh and began to speak in a weary voice, "If I had known that this was going to happen I would have walked all night rather than stop there. But I didn't know. I was on my way from Alabama to California. Bumming was good for about five days, but yesterday—was it yesterday? Well, it doesn't matter. Anyway I had to start walking, and about dusk I found myself in those woods you've been talking about. I was tired to death and wishing I'd see a house when that cabin suddenly appeared. It wasn't lighted, but I thought maybe they were in the back; and so I went up and knocked on the door. I had to knock again before a woman's voice invited me to come in. I stepped within, but there was no one in sight. I knocked once more, and the voice again said, 'Come in.' I followed the sound through an open door on the left into a bedroom.

"A quiet, pretty-looking little woman was sitting in a rocking chair by the back window. 'How do you do?' I greeted her, but she made no answer. I spoke again. She paid no attention to it. I was a little embarrassed. I didn't know just what to do, but I began to tell her that I was traveling through to California and that I was too tired to go any farther. Then I told her that I would like to spend the night there if it were possible. For some minutes longer



she remained silent. Then she announced, 'Yes, you can stay if you will do something for me.'

"I eagerly assured her that I wanted to do something to pay for my stay, since I had no money.

"Then come with me,' she said, leading the way down the corridor to a ladder up the side of the wall. At her gesture I climbed up through a trap door into a dark attic as she followed with a small lamp. When my eyes had adjusted themselves to the gloom, the woman took a few steps to the center of the room, pointed toward a dark corner and quietly said, 'That is my husband. He died today.'

"I wondered if I had suddenly gone blind with fright, for at first I could see nothing. Then slowly I discerned the outline of a huge old chimney and, to the left of that, a long couch spread over with a white sheet under which I made out the form of a man. I had to remind myself that I was twenty-one years old to keep from yielding to a forceful desire to turn and leap through the trap door. The woman must have realized my condition, for she gave me a few moments to compose myself before she went on, 'I want you to stay here with him while I go a little ways on to bring my neighbor.'

"Oh, let me go and get him', I cried, 'and you stay with your husband.'

"No. I'd rather go myself. You stay here with Mike. He won't hurt nobody now.'

"Her last sentence sent me into a frenzy again. What kind of a man had Mike been? I did not dare let the woman know that I was afraid. It seemed so foolish after all. I heard her slow footsteps crossing the back porch and then crunching over the leaves in the back yard. I suddenly realized that I was holding my breath. Why was I so frightened? A dead man lacks not only speech but action as well. I shrugged my shoulders and tried to laugh at myself, but I seemed to have forgotten the art. I started walking about the attic and suddenly realized that I was on tip-toe. Was I afraid of the giants hidden

in the dark corners unrevealed by the weak oil lamp? I would not gaze on the room any longer. I would look out of the window. It was somewhat hidden by a low eave, but beyond I could see a cold moon shining over a wide open pasture. I felt somehow reassured. I made my mind dwell on plans for my stay in California. I traveled over the entire state and spent a whole month in San Francisco and Hollywood.

"I was engaged in delightful conversation with Clara Bow when I felt a prickling sensation at the back of my neck. I knew immediately that I was being watched. My face and neck burned. Should I turn slowly or whirl instantly? I decided upon the latter, and taking a deep breath I swung about and faced the room. That white sheet was standing upright beside the couch. Suddenly it fell to the floor and behind it stood Mike, a tall, sallow man with one finger on his narrow lips.

"Sh! Not a sound,' he warned.

"I could not have made one at a general's command.

"Where is she?' He hissed the question.

"She's gone for a neighbor!' I found myself whispering also.

"His small eyes glinted in the lamp light, and his mouth grew so tight that his lips seemed to disappear.

"It's Glissen. She thinks she loves him, but he's a dirty skunk! He got her to put poison in my coffee—brought it to her last night. They thought I didn't know anything about it. But no man can kill me off till I get ready. I didn't drink that coffee, but I pretended to. She watched me all morning, and after a while I got sick, so she thought, and she told me I could rest better up here. I'd be in the way when her lover came tonight. She thinks I'm dead, but she's nearer to it than I am.'

"Suddenly he sprang into action.

"Come on! We've got to work fast!' His voice was as hard as flint.

"He led the way quickly down the ladder and out through the kitchen.

"Bolt the front door from the outside and follow me around this way.'



"He took a shot gun from the wall and disappeared out the kitchen door. I did not think of doing otherwise than he commanded. I guess if you know him, you understand. I quickly followed him outside, and then he ordered, 'You wait yonder behind that well until they come back. Don't leave, or I'll drop you before you can cross the clearing on any side.'

"I fled to the old well eager for a few minutes to steady myself. It seemed to me that I had no longer settled behind the old frame when I heard footsteps and low voices. A gate clicked again, and into the open backyard came a man and woman. They entered through the back door, and soon I saw them in the same bedroom where I had found the woman. A low call from Mike brought me hurrying to his side at the kitchen porch.

"Come with me!' he said. He led the way past barnlike structures to a third which we entered. The back end of it was packed with dry hay. He filled his arms, ordering me to do likewise and led the way back where we piled the straw around the house beginning on the left side. Numberless trips we made and completely encircled the cabin. At last in the back yard we paused side by side. Stepping upon an old tree trunk, Mike peered into the window.

"Look at 'em!' he growled. 'Look at 'em—the fools!' He caught me by one shoulder and lifted me until I found a footing on the broad trunk. Inside Glissen and the woman stood, arms entwined, silhouetted against the lamplight.

"Get that can of kerosene off the back porch,' Mike ordered me, 'and pour it on the straw.'

"This task completed, Mike announced, 'Now you can go, youngster. You've been a mighty heap of help, but remember!' he thrust a rough forefinger into my throat. 'Remember that you don't remember ever coming through these woods in your life. Nobody saw you come here, did they?'

"I shook my head fearfully.

"Well, check then! You can go right

through that back gate across the pasture into them woods. If you keep to the path you'll come out on the prairie in about three miles.'

"I did not wait for a second command, but cleared the gate with one leap and fled breathlessly across the pasture into the woods. But I could not resist one backward glance. Tiny flames leaped about the base of the cabin, and in their flickering light I could see Mike standing guard with his shot gun at the only avenue of escape. What I beheld sickened me. I turned and fled faster than ever down the path. It seemed only a few minutes when the woods began to thin and I knew I was nearing the prairie.

As I hurried on toward the prairie, my conscience began to smite me. Surely there was something I could have done. Had he really killed his wife and Glissen? I must find out.

I turned back and hurried through the dark woods. What was there I could do after I got back? Absorbed in these thoughts, I suddenly found that I had lost the path. I calmly tried to get my bearings at first, and then I searched frantically, but all was of no avail. At length I sank against a mossy trunk completely exhausted. I could not go another step without a few minutes rest.

"I must have fallen asleep. I do not know how long I lay there, but I dreamed that I was exceedingly thirsty, and suddenly awakened to find a wall of fire at my back. I leaped up and ran in the opposite direction only to meet the flames again. They seemed to have encircled me, but, at length, I found a small opening through which I fought my way. But still I could not find the path. I struggled on for hours through that burning hell. But not until the gray dawn aided my search did I find the cart trail. I don't know where I found the strength to follow it through, but, somehow, I got to the valley, and there I found you waiting for me. It's very kind of you, sir, to take me in and look after me so."

He dropped wearily against his pillow, and with a deep sigh closed his eyes.



## To a Leaf

*My joys are as the sun on you, small leaf,  
A fleeting light,—my tears,  
How like the shower on your withering green,  
That falls and disappears!  
Your life-time's but a few short days, and mine,  
A paltry group of years.*

*Plucked off the everchanging tree of life,  
At last in dust we lie,—  
You have no sign to mark your humble grave,—  
A shaft of stone have I.  
But dust is dust, alas, and even stone  
Must crumble by and by.*

*It seems ungrateful that we men should let  
Our hearts be dark with grief,  
When all the great world's beauty may be seen  
Within a life so brief—  
How soon our time for seeing's spent, and we  
Must wither like a leaf!*



## “Patricia, Please”

By WINNIFRED JONES

**P**ATRICIA ANNE HARTLEY—for thus she had named herself as soon as she had come to the age of discretion and discovered that the family hadn't bothered to give her any other name than Anne Hartley with which to face “the buffets and misfortunes of the world”—stuck her forefinger deeper into a crystal jar of face cream and rubbed her cheek vigorously. She wriggled deliciously on the soft cushions of her mother's boudoir bench and smiled a “languid” smile, as she would have termed it, at her triple image in the mirrors. The smile twitched a bit and finally disappeared as another figure peopled the boudoir mirrors—a stout figure, in a blue-green dressing robe, and with her hair enticed into rigid waves that were held in place by a huge-meshed, red silk motoring-net, which Louise, the oldest child of the Hartley family, had bought to play tennis in.

“Anne. . . .”

“Patricia, please, Mother.”

“Patricia! Patricia!” Mrs. Hartley laughed shrilly. The laugh ended abruptly as Patricia Anne thrust her finger deep into the crystal jar.

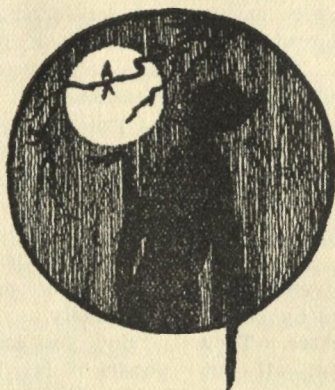
“Anne,” Mrs. Hartley threatened, “If you don't leave my cream alone. . . . Why, I paid two dollars for that jar. . . . Why don't you use sister's cream? She'd. . . .”

“Oh, I don't like anything of Louise's. But yours is so nice.”

“Or, if you must have some, I'll buy you a jar.”

“Like yours?”

“Of course not!”



The phone rang, and Mrs. Hartley dashed down stairs. Patricia creamed and powdered her face to her soul's content as long as she heard the shrill drone of her mother's voice, “Bridge? I'd love to. . . . She giving a tea? . . . Oh, yes, I'd heard that he was back again. . . . Do you suppose they're really separated? . . .” and on and on. Then, “Oh, yes, I'll come by for you in a half hour.”

Patricia slipped into her room across the hall, raised the cretonne pillows on the window seat, and took out a worn, blue leather book with “Dairy—Patricia Anne Hartley” stamped on it in gold. Her father had given it to her last Christmas. She sat down at her desk, opened the book tenderly, and looked, as usual, at the motto that she had carefully printed on the first page, “Look in thy heart and write.” Then she turned over to a clean page, sighed deeply, and began writing with a fancy ostrich quill that she had bought at the ten cent store:

“Dear Dairy, I really don't know just how to begin to tell you all about it, but He is coming over to-night. Of course, He isn't coming to see me. Fate would be too kind! He's just coming with the football team to that silly party they're giving Louise just because she's their sponsor. But, Diary, I'll get to see Him, and of course I'll talk to Him. I'll be in high school next year, Diary, and I can see Him every day! Oh, I've always adored Him. . . . ‘None ever loved but at first sight they loved. . . .’”

“Now, Anne, it's the maid's night off. Father will stay at the club until bedtime, and I'm going out.” Mrs. Hartley



started down the stairs, pulling her gloves on. "You'll find your supper in the refrigerator. Don't forget to drink two glasses of milk. And, oh, Anne, don't bother Sister tonight. Don't go in the parlor at all."

Patricia's face turned hot with anger. The idea! Not go in the parlor when the love of her life was coming. The idea! Louise and the other girls could have the foot-ball players. She didn't care. She didn't even want Don Jones, the captain, whom all the others were crazy about. All she wanted was Mr. Bryan. There was something so fascinating about a foot-ball coach.

The front door slammed. Louise came racing up the steps, followed by six or eight girls with tennis rackets. They dashed past Patricia's room—all but hateful Belle Martin.

"Oh, Patricia Anne Hartley," she sang, sticking her head into the room. . . .

"Come near me! I do weave

A chain I cannot break—I am possess  
With thoughts too swift and strong for  
one lone human breast."

Eh?"

"Do hush, Belle," Louise laughed. "She's bad enough that way. For heaven's sake, don't encourage her."

The rest of the girls giggled, but Patricia said nothing. She thrust her pug nose higher into the air. They little knew the depth of a soul like hers. She wondered where Belle had got that quotation,—she'd never heard it before. She'd have to look it up in the little book, "Well-Known Quotations", which she kept hidden under the other cretonne cushion on the window seat. She took both books in her arms, strolling disdainfully down the stairs, and settled herself in the porch swing to meditate. She slowly turned the pages of her diary. Ah, there was the right page, the one that began,

"I love night more than day—she is so lovely;

But I love night the most because she brings

My love to me in dreams that scarcely lie."

A laugh or two broke the stillness of the late afternoon, the twilight, "the very 'witching time of night'" to Patricia, and the whole crowd of high school girls had descended on the porch and taken possession of it, barely giving Patricia time to thrust her beloved diary and quotation book between the cushions of the yellow-striped lounge swing.

"You know that Don'll let you wear his foot-ball fob, Louise. . . ."

"You really think so? I don't know. . . ."

"You do. Of course you do. . . .", sang a chorus of voices, and Louise smiled contentedly.

"But, you know", she began. "I do wonder if Mr. Bryan'll give his to anybody. The boys ordered him one, you know, and it's bigger than theirs—and it's real gold, too."

So Louise was after Mr. Bryan. Patricia was indignant—her own sister! On the strength of that, Patricia arose haughtily and swept off the porch.

How wonderful it would be to wear the foot-ball of the "wonderfullest" man on earth. And she dreamed herself to her room.

"Ah, the strange, sweet, lonely delight  
Of the valley of dreams,"

she quoted to herself in the mirror as she painstakingly tried to screw on a single, long, green ear-bob that Louise had given her after she had lost the other one at school. She stretched her socks up to cover her somewhat bony knees, and jerked persistently at her dress to lengthen it. After a few minutes' plunder in her mother's room she emerged with a soft blue chiffon scarf drawn skin-tight around her shoulders.

Half-way down the steps she stopped, horrified. the foot-ball team had come. They were all in the living-room, and that hateful Don Jones was reading in a mincing voice,

"Listen to this one, will you?

'Pangs of love be sweeter far



Than all other pleasures are.'"

They laughed uproariously.

And there in the door-way, with his back to Patricia, stood the wonderfullest one. Oh, the shame and bitter agony of it all!

"Wonder who the beloved is, don't you?" Someone queried.

"I'll find out", Don offered. "Why, it's. . . ."

"You brutes, you heartless creatures. . . . Give me my book!" A tiny, slim figure with wide eyes stormed from the stairs. "I have never been so embarrassed." And snatching the book from the boy's hands, she ran across the porch, and over the lawn to a white stone bench by the gold-fish pool. She sat there silent, then she began—she always found comfort in poetry,

"O sorrow, wilt thou rule my blood?"

Be sometimes lovely . . .!" she stopped abruptly. Someone was calling her. She grabbed her diary and ran wildly around the bench and down the narrow path toward the summer house. But the someone had seen her, and he was coming, too. So she stopped and waited in the white moonlight. Was it an illusion of the light and shadows? Or was it really the coach coming toward her?

That night in her room, she looked lovingly at a gold foot-ball slightly larger than the one Louise had just come in to taunt her with. After Louise left, she took the foot-ball out of her pocket,

and unrolled a bit of black ribbon, just long enough to reach around her neck, and which she had had ready ever since she had heard that the foot-balls had come. It took quite a bit of feminine wisdom, but Patricia Anne Hartley had plenty of that, so she did not wear the gold foot-ball outside her room for two whole days.

She wore it down to breakfast.

"Anne Hartley", Louise begged, "where in the world did you get that?"

No answer, except a "languid" smile.

"I bet she stole it, Mother!"

"Why, Louise, a child of mine . . . ." Mrs. Hartley began.

"Of course not," Dad laughed. "You told me about it yesterday, didn't you, baby?"

"Patricia, please, Daddy," she begged.

And Patricia was supremely happy. No one—not even Dad—ever knew what she had written in her diary on the night that she had been given a little gold foot-ball,

"Wonderful Dairy, He just gave me his foot-ball. And He told me all about Her, too. And He said He's sure—if I'd been older—He'd have almost not loved Her. But, Dairy, I have the foot-ball. Louise'll know I'm grown now. I can't wait for her and the rest of those silly young girls to see it. Oh, Dairy, I'm sure—

"Tis better to have loved and lost  
Than never to have loved at all.'"



## What Commencement Means to a Senior

By ALLENE BROWN



LOOK into the crystal ball with hesitancy. What lies in the future is like what lies in the following chapters of a good book, which I would not spoil by reading them before it is finished. The diploma, the words of farewell, and the departure are like the close of the first chapter of such a book.

What I have learned from those first pages are mainly serving now to urge me on into the next. It seems as though what I have read and the blank spaces that I have written upon have been full of mistakes, rough places and discords. There has often been a sameness and a monotonous repetition about them. At times I have felt that I would change the whole plot and write a different line into those places. Yet the story held me as it was, and now as I come to the last page of the chapter I would turn back for a moment. I would glance again over a page or two and linger with my favorite passages. But the next chapter urges my attention. I cannot turn back. I can only keep those first pages, remembering them and using them that I may better understand what is to follow.

Neither can I peep too far ahead into the last pages that I may find the climax to my story and read how the plot will end. I can only imagine how I will fill my part of the story as time goes on and wonder if fate will work her part at all as I had thought or hoped. Perhaps when I have reached the last chapter and have experienced the whole story as it really was, perhaps I will laugh at my former idea of it and wonder how it could ever have been such. I have heard of many who were nearing the conclusion of their story who have done that. They

have smiled and said the first part was all a joke and just a humorous beginning. Perhaps it will be so. I cannot tell for I am not the sole author of my book. I am only the collaborator with a far greater pen than mine.

I see only that which everyone sees and that which the gipsy can see no better. The great library that is before me with all the shelves that are symbolic of all the years that are gone and of those that are to come is before everyone. If I see seventy-five bright new volumes that are scarcely touched and if I note the bookmark carefully tucked so near the beginning of each book, still, I see no more than seventy-five others may see with me.

After that the world may seem not a stage and all the people not merely actors but rather a publishing house and all the people merely books. Each day new ones take the place of old ones while the best outlive the centuries and are never put away.

Still the new ones come. The seventy-five new ones are out. They have been copy—and proof—read and reviewed. They are released. What is their merit? What shall be the criticism when the world seizes them, flings them open and reads their contents? That is the question that blurs the future so that no one can see, not even the gipsy fortune teller.

Yet someday when seventy-five stories have passed through the hands of the world and that world has read them through, perhaps it will be mine to have them all upon my library shelf. Then I will take them down, one by one and will eagerly find what happened beyond the book-mark of today.



## What Commencement Means to a Junior

By HELEN ROSS



COMMENCEMENT to a Junior—the end of that precious year of friendships new and old, the threshold of the last year of that priceless experience—college. We who think of ourselves always as freshmen of the gold and white of '27 look out toward 1930—alone. We see Wesleyan without even our sophomores, for the red and white are going. We will miss them—it seems impossible that we have known and loved and parted with three classes. They have had a glorious time together.

I love to remember those two commencements at old Wesleyan with the moon bright outside and the roll of the organ in the stately academic processional, goodbyes at midnight under the stars—friends leaving, scattering. That last commencement will live always with me for it was Wesleyan's commencement. The very college itself was seeking a new home, new worlds to conquer. The next morning I wandered through the empty buildings, said the last farewells, and shed a few tears. As I paused under the colonnade I wondered how many girls had felt as I did—for at that moment I felt as if I, too, were losing an old friend, as if I were going out forever.

This year a thrill, a glamour of newness hangs over all,—the excitement of another new tradition—morning com-

mencement. There is a tug at the heart strings for the old, a happy thrill for the new—the realization of all that this means, commencement of a junior year. They seem still to be throwing the challenge to us—those Tri K's, this time it is one of encouragement, of friendship—that we shall take up our task and carry on, leaders for a year—and then stand like them in cap and gown, and look back on it all with a smile on our lips and a tear in our hearts for Wesleyan and college friendships.

To underclassmen commencement may mean another year gone, a happy time, but to me it grows each year sadder and gladder. Life with its struggle is coming closer, closer,—life with its challenge and joys is coming nearer, nearer. Only one more year is left to make good those promises of a freshmen heart, only one more year to learn to follow the gleam with all the loving support of friends and classmates.

Our hearts are sad when we sing:

"Where, oh, where are the dignified seniors?

Lost now in the wide, wide world."  
but I must admit that the greatest thrill of a junior's life comes with:

"Where, oh, where are the jolly gay juniors?

Safe now in the senior class."

## What Commencement Means to a Sophomore

By MILDRED BARBER



COMMENCEMENT? To the supposedly wise sophomore the mere word produces a great thrill, as it means the official commencement of the longed-for vacation,—and little more. For the sophomore this vacation begins when the last exam paper is placed triumphantly upon

the teacher's desk. Therefore, commencement, though it embraces many delightful occasions, is just an excess formality in the school term, the purpose of which is to produce a lovely last impression of the college itself after the many hours of laborious studying, and to impress further upon those slow-minded



pupils, if such there be, that school is really over.

Yet, placing aside these selfish thoughts, the sophomore realizes also that commencement sends away from the college doors the seniors, who are by lucky lot, her associate class. When she first landed at college the year before, it was these seniors who saved her from the wild snares of the upper-classmen, and who rescued her from many situations in which she would have furnished needless amusement to others. Thus, she has formed a warm attachment to the departing seniors, and commencement will rob her of her sincerest friends at school.

After further consideration, the sophomore remembers with little effort that she will no longer be designated in the terms of a "wise fool." She will have at last come into her own and be enrolled among the lofty ranks of the upper-classmen. And just think of the numerous privileges that will be heaped upon

her in recognition of this fact! She will no longer be criticized for her greenness or her supposed foolishness, which all others agree and excuse as characteristics of her breed. What an edifying miracle commencement will perform upon the formerly ridiculed sophomore!

Commencement ushers in a gala time, the sophomore knows. She has heard of the numerous parties and teas that are given at this time. Some members of the class will bravely resist the bonds of family ties to enjoy the jubilant occasion. One by one, however, after much useless resisting, the majority will pack up their trunks and board the train for home, before the exercises have fairly begun.

Please do not criticize the sophomore, we beg. She has numerous good intentions, which would prove that she is really sane after all. But she is in the clutches of tradition, which fact makes it essential that she live up to the role of a "wise fool". Therefore it is not her fault.

## What Commencement Means to a Freshman

By MELISSA JACK



It is an unpardonable fallacy that every one of you commits,—whether intentionally or unintentionally, by concluding immediately when you see the title "What Commencement Means to a Freshman,"—that you already know without reading this article what commencement means to us. You depreciatingly judge us by thinking that we long for May as the end of the college year and the time to "get loose." That is not what commencement means to a freshman, even though, I must confess, we are overjoyed with the prospect of being creatures of leisure once again, free from parallel and daily assignments.

May is the month that loomed so high on our horizons of a year ago and the month that we have lived and dreamed and longed for since that day in Septem-

ber when we began our existence here at Wesleyan and acquired the somewhat dubious title, if such a lowly rank may be termed a title, of freshman. The month of May brought to us the greatest and by far the most important event that has happened in our lives so far.

Even December, with its Christmas holidays and indescribable joys and pleasures, is disqualified when May enters the ranks, for May is the month in which we, the all important and, in our own estimations, venerable and revered seniors of our hometown high school were graduated. That time of only a year ago is still so close to us and so fresh and pleasant in our memories that we even yet associate the joys of that month with the name of May whenever we hear it. May and commencement still mean to us our high school auditorium



overflowing with loyal friends, the boys of the class in navy blue, with their unruly hair slicked down, and with a white carnation in their button holes, our beaming principal bragging on all of us, the valedictorian pretending she really wasn't nervous in the slightest, and our desperate attempts to create an impression of cool, dignified sophistication and to hide the nervous, almost childish excitement we felt as we faced the audience. We had been feted for weeks as if we were the original seniors. We had met every mail-carrying train for three weeks previous to graduation, and experienced every degree of surprise and boundless joy. We had energetically sold tickets for the senior play, helped make costumes and decorate the auditorium, studied—at off moments—for exams, had our hair marcelled, and then, on the stupendous night had received the diplomas amidst the customary applause.

This year we realize that along with last year's conception of Commencement something is lacking. All of our last

year's calendar of events and methods of being graduated still seem perfect to us as far as they went, but we realize now that the procedure of our high school graduation is quite different from the dignified and impressive ceremony of a college commencement. To a certain extent, commencement means the great unknown to us. We have a hazy idea of a long processional of seniors and professors in caps and gowns and of a great out-of-town speaker who delivers—in an hour or two—the commencement address which goes under the imposing appellation of the Baccalaureate. We heard of girls who are graduated magna cum laude and summa cum laude. Such terms never appeared in our high school commencement vocabularies, and there are many expressions and customs that are entirely new and foreign to our meager conception of what commencement really is. It is with a feeling of bewilderment, expectancy, and anticipation characteristic of our tribe that we freshmen await commencement.

## Journeys

*Tall straight masts stand up  
Against a sky sewed up with stars,  
A sky like a forest of bare trees,  
For soft, warm darkness hides the bright  
Painted streams and the heavy bodies of the junks.  
There is not much noise anywhere—  
A cry from a fretful baby—  
The bark of a dog as someone goes by,  
Or the rare passing of another boat.  
Tomorrow they all start out on journeys  
To strange places with strange names—  
Amoy, Singapore, Belawan, Java, Jamaica.  
This is their last night in the Soochow harbor,—  
The last night the sails and the men can rest,—  
Tomorrow they will all start out  
On journeys to strange places.*

By E. M.



# Chocolates

By LOUISE PITTMAN



PERHAPS it was because she was at the romantic age of eighteen, perhaps it was because the collegiate youth across the aisle had dared to flirt with her, that Eleanor Hayden felt herself to be in love.

After paging "Miss Hayden, Miss Eleanor Hayden" through several cars, the porter had handed to the flustered Eleanor a box of chocolates with a card attached. Perhaps she fell in love with the name on the card. Richard Norsworthy was such an aristocratic-sounding name. With her active and vivid imagination, she pictured the sender of the candy as a handsome brunette. It was amusing to notice how closely this picture resembled the boy that had sat across the aisle before the train reached Lexington.

The porter had said that a man in the terminal at Lexington had tipped him to give it to her. Maybe the boy across the aisle had seen her name on her luggage. She was glad that she had worn the chic, Benet model, green straw hat and the becoming ensemble. He had written on the card, "Sorry I didn't get to meet you, but will see you soon." She wondered how he would know where to find her. Her practical self said, "He's a 'nervy' chap," but her romantic self was thrilled over the daring spirit of this modern youth. He must have a long, green, sport-model roadster. That type of car seemed to suit his romantic name. She laid her book aside and settled down in the comfortable Pullman chair to dream of the handsome brunette and nibble on chocolates, which were doubly sweet. At this moment Eleanor was seeing the world through rose-colored glasses.

As Eleanor stepped from the stifling



parlor car she glanced hurriedly through the small group of people at the station. Why, where was Granny? Surely she was expecting her! Of course,—there was old Lincoln, leisurely strolling toward her.

"Why, hullo, Miss El'nor. Hullo, How's yer? Come right over here. Miz Hayden's been a waitin' for yer in the car."

"How are you getting along, Lincoln? So help me, if you don't look younger than ever."

"Law me, Miss El'nor, if you ain't the outflatterinist person I. . ."

"O-o-o Granny!" Eleanor jumped into the car, where a dainty, well-dressed woman sat.

"My dear! my dear! We are so glad to see you. And how sweet and cool you look."

"How precious you look! I'm so thrilled to be here. All the family send their best love to you," Eleanor exclaimed enthusiastically.

After a pause, ". . . where's aunt Carrie?" Eleanor asked.

"That reminds me—we must stop by the beauty parlor for her."

The car rolled out of the terminal.

"So's she going to a beauty parlor? Not aunt Carrie. Surely not! What's up?"

"I'd rather let her say that. Stop here, Lincoln, for Carrie. Here she comes now."

"Dear me! Do look at her skirts! For shame, Granny, I'll have to reform both of you. This older generation is going to the dogs." Eleanor teased. The older woman took Eleanor's hand and patted it affectionately.

"Hello, Eleanor," said Aunt Carrie, as she entered the car and casually kissed



her niece on the cheek. "We're glad to have you with us."

"Aunt Carrie—why all the marcel? The spirit of youth herself! What does this mean, Granny?"

"Why not, I should like to enquire?" answered Aunt Carrie patting her waved hair self-consciously.

"Granny, does this mean that your fond daughter has a beau?" Eleanor laughingly persisted

Alarmed at the vivid red that covered Carrie's face, Mrs. Hyden looked meaningfully at Eleanor. Eleanor looked questioningly at Aunt Carrie and launched upon safer topics of conversation.

The car swerved into a sloping drive, which curved about the green lawn like a river winding between green banks. It was suddenly brought to a halt beside the marble steps of a large colonial home, and Eleanor jumped out to take a look at the place so dear to her.

They walked up the steps and were met at the door by Vashti, who helped to nurse the babies at the Hayden domain for three generations.

"Law, me alife, if you ain't the sight for sore eyes, Miss El'nor. Ain't she the puttiest thing! Is dis here li'l gal Mr. Robert's chile? Old Vashti can't believe her own eyes, I tell yer. Lookit that beau'ful hair! Honey, what makes yo' lips so scarlet? Lan, me, asakes, ain't she pert?" finished the buxom negress as her white folks passed on up stairs.

"Honey, of course, you have the same room. Lincoln will bring your bags up tereckly," she called up after Eleanor.

The familiar room, with its heavy mahogany furniture, its dainty curtains, its fragrant flowers, and gay pictures, was truly inviting to the eyes of the young girl.

The hour passed quickly, as there were many little tasks for Eleanor. She felt like a lithesome spirit after her cool bath. The frills of her chiffon dress seemed to make of her a fairy-like figure. Looking into the mirror she pictured a tall, handsome man beside her. What a

perfect pair they would make.

Her reverie was broken when Aunt Carrie called, "Eleanor, are you ready?"

"Coming," she answered. They were met in the dining room by Mrs. Hayden, who led the way to the table laden with heavy old silver and handsome cut glass. Conversation lagged. After suggesting several subjects unsuccessfully, Mrs. Hayden decided that her grand-daughter was tired.

The silence was broken by the sudden ring of the telephone. Mrs. Hayden noticed that Eleanor started slightly as the phone rang and asked, "Were you expecting a call, dear?"

"Oh, no, not at all." She said with an eager note of expectancy in her voice.

"Miss Carrie," called Vashti, "Miss Carrie!"

"Yes?"

"De phone."

"Excuse me, please," said Aunt Carrie demurely, and slipped out of the room. As she returned Eleanor saw a chance of more teasing, but did not bother to say anything. The meal was resumed.

"Why didn't he call? thought Eleanor. "He must have not meant what he said."

As if in reply, the phone again rang. Would it be for her? Oh, would. . .

"Miss El'nor."

Not waiting to answer she hurried from the room. Granny looked significantly at Carrie. "The child was delighted," she remarked.

Eleanor sauntered slowly back into the room, looking disgustedly at her plate.

"A friend, dear?" asked Mrs. Hayden.

"Yes, Dave Norton wanted a date, but I told him to call again."

"Why, Eleanor. Have you quarreled with him? He's such a fine boy, and was lovely to you last summer."

"Oh, no we haven't quarreled. I told him I was tired."

While Eleanor was in her room shortly after dinner Aunt Carrie called in sugar-coated tones, "Please hurry down, dear,—I want you to meet a friend."

As Eleanor was dressing, Granny came into the room.



"It's Richard Norsworthy, honey," she said with a knowing smile. "Do look your best. We hope he will be in our family some day. He certainly is a splendid lawyer and a perfect gentleman."

"Richard Norsworthy!" cried Eleanor, astonished.

Thoughts raced wildly through her brain. Could it be possible that Richard was the lawyer that Granny had referred to in one of her letters? She had written that a handsome young lawyer had moved to Greenswood and that she thought Eleanor would like him. Eleanor was so excited and happy to ask any questions.

After a long look in the mirror to see that every golden wave was in place, and to practice one of her bewitching smiles that showed two deep dimples off to the best advantage, she descended to the drawing room.

Before the tall, stately mantel stood a man of medium height, dressed in a navy suit. His partially bald head showed that he was nearing forty. His friendly grey eyes smiled cordially at Eleanor.

"Dear," said Aunt Carrie in that same sweet tone that was quite new to Eleanor, "I wish to present Mr. Norsworthy. Mr. Norsworthy, my niece, Miss Hayden."

Eleanor was so stunned and shocked that she did not realize how awkward and rude she must have appeared when she failed to say a single word.

Mr. Norsworthy broke the embarrassing silence. "I deeply regretted not seeing you while your train was in Lex-

ington. I hope you had a pleasant trip."

Eleanor caught herself and haltingly answered. "Thank you, very pleasant, indeed. The candy was delicious. So very kind of you."

Mr. Norsworthy, noticed the strained and queer look on Carrie's face, hastily explained that after receiving her letter that Eleanor was coming to Greenwood that afternoon that he had thought it would break the monotony to take Eleanor a box of candy while her train was waiting in Lexington.

Eleanor repeated her gratitude for the candy and tried to smile.

Aunt Carrie looked at her queerly, and then turned to Mr. Norsworthy and stammered, "Richard, we had better start, for the musical begins at eight-thirty."

"Yes, Caroline. Miss Eleanor, won't you go with us? We should be delighted to have you."

"Thanks, Mr. Norsworthy. It really would be impossible as I have another engagement. Good-night." She turned and hastily left the room. s

Upon reaching her own room Eleanor's eyes were brimming with tears, the tears of a girl who had had a romantic dream shattered. But, thanks to the resiliency of youth, tears, in such a case, were short lived. Richard Norsworthy, instead of being a Prince Charming for her, had turned out to be staid Aunt Carrie's beau. She realized what a goose she had been and suddenly found herself laughing as she went down to the phone and called Dave Norton's number.

## A Grave

*I buried Love the other day  
And was disappointed to find*

*No tears—*

*Only a long sighed for relief—  
And freedom*

*For a long enslaved heart—*

*And a great mad happiness in everything.*



# The Legend of Oclahatchee Spring

By MARTHA COOPER

## Characters:

Napathehatchie, chief of a Creek Indian tribe.

Minchee, his daughter.

Cohamoteken, her Cherokee lover.

Naomi, an old Creek nurse.

Hopoethyohalo, the Creek medicine man.

Yaho-Hadjo, a Creek Indian boy.

(Before the tepee of Minchee, several Indians squat. Some are weaving blankets and others are grinding corn. They sing as they work. Chief Napathlehatchie enters, right, dragging Minchee.)

Chief Napathlehatchie: Ungrateful Morning Star. Would slip like a cat to the camp fires of a Cherokee dog. On your knees and more to me who has sheltered you from the death of your mother. Hai-jah, old Naomi, come.

Naomi (coming from tepee): Napathlehatchie.

Chief Napa: Guard well this bird. Keep a watchful eye on her lest she escape to her lover, Cohamoteken. Go.

Naomi: Yes. (Takes Minchee into wigwam).

Chief Napa: Yaho-Hadjo, here. (Native boy advances from the workers). Go and bring the medicine man to me. (Boy exits). Love can not conquer tribal hate. Never! Young Cohamoteken will suf - - -

Hopoethleyoholo (entering): Hai-jah, Chief Napathlehatchie.

Chief: Hai-jah, Great Hopothleyoholo. I call you in great distress. My Minchee's love for a Cherokee is past enduring. Thrice I have caught her trying to flee with him. I am helpless. I come to you. You have great magics. Help me.

Hopo: Great Napathlehatchie, I have long expected this. Minchee must not go to a Cherokee camp fire. To-day I asked the Great Spirit to charm our spring. From henceforth he who drinks our water must return to this camp.

Now we have magic water. Fear not Great Chief, after drinking of our spring Minchee will always come back to her home fires. Let her leave, Great One,— she will soon return.

Chief: But should Cohamoteken drink?

Hopoe: Would an enemy Cherokee drink Creek water? Never! Then if he comes, you have him. You may kill the log.

Chief: Great Hopoethleyohalo! As cunning as the fox.

Hopo: Send Minchee's jar to be filled at the spring.

Chief: Yaho-Hadjo, fill this jar. (Yaho-Hadjo exits).

Hopo: Rest in peace to-night, Great One.

Chief: Yes, Good Man. (Both exeunt.)

(Yaho-Hadjo brings in a filled water jar. In front of tepee he calls Naomi).

Naomi (from inside of tent): What?

Yaho: Here is fresh water.

Naomi: Leave it there, Crazy One. (Yaho exits).

(The stage becomes darker. An owl is heard in the distance.)

Naomi (at door flap): 'Tis dark, little Minchee, I go tell Cohamoteken.

(All is quiet for a while. Cohamoteken slyly enters from the right. Whistles like a bird. Minchee answers. Cohamoteken softly calls Minchee).

Minchee (in door): Cohamoteken. (They embrace). Why are you here, my love?

Coha.: You did not come to me, my little bird, so I came to your nest.

Minchee: Go. They will kill you. Go!

Coha.: No, not until you go, too.

Minchee: I cannot leave my people.

Coha.: Not for me?

Minchee: No.

Coha.: You would have this morning.

Minchee: Time changes one.

Coha.: Come Minchee, you must go. I shall stay here until you do.



Minchee: They will torture you.

Coha.: Let them. What is life without you?

Minchee: But—

Coha.: Come.

Minchee: Let me get my blanket and my beads.

Coha.: Hurry.

(Minchee goes into wigwam. On coming out she stumbles on water jar. Looks.)

Minchee: Will our journey be far?

Coha.: Yes, my Minchee, but we will travel like the swift-footed deer travels.

Minchee: Will we need food and water?

Coha.: Probably food, but no water.

Minchee: Here is corn (gets some the Indians have ground. Dips up some water). Lest we thirst, let us drink now,

Coha.: No, Minchee.

Minchee: Why, my Brave?

Coha.: Creek water for a Cherokee? Never.

Minchee: Creek water is good (angrily).

Coha.: No.

Minchee: Drink.

Coha.: No, my Minchee.

Minchee: I plead. If I take your people for my people why will you not drink of my water? You hate my people and do not love me.

Coha.: Minchee!

Minchee: I do not go, my Cohamoteken, unless you drink with me.

Coha. For your sake only, my Minchee. (They both drink.)

Coha.: Let us go. Hurry.

Minchee: This way. Softly. All are asleep. (Exeunt right).

(Owls hoot. Nightingales sing.)

Naomi (entering left: Minchee, he is gone. (Enters tent. Inside.) Ah, all is well. My star has fled to her lover. Sleep.

The wind blows softly. A hare hops across the stage. Owls and birds are heard.)

Minchee (off stage): Cohamoteken, Cohamoteken, take me back, take me back.

Coha.: No, I must go on and on. Oh—

Minchee: Cohamoteken!

(They enter from right going to the left as if pulled against their will.)

Nomi (from tent): Wait, Cohamoteken. You will be killed. Turn back.

Coha.: I must go on. I hear the waters of the spring. They call me.

Naomi: Stop, Minchee.

Minchee: I cannot. I, too, must go.

(Cohamoteken and Minchee fall down by the tent at the left of the stage. They drink from the jar).

Naomi: You must turn back. You must. They will kill you. Torture you. You must—

Coha.: I know, Old Naomi. I am enchanted. The Oclahatchee wants. I go. To Napat—

Naomi: Pray to the Great Spirit.

Minchee: We do. We do. Help us, old Naomi.

Coha.: Give me a dagger. No Creek may torture a Cherokee. (Snatches dagger from wigwam and stabs himself.)

Minchee: No, Cohamoteken, no.

Naomi: 'Tis better my child.

Coha.: My Minchee, some day we will meet in the Happy Hunting Grounds.

Minchee: No. Now. I meet you now. (Stabs herself. They both die.)

Naomi: Minchee! 'Tis best. 'Tis best. Lovers! Oh, I must tell the Great Chief.

Yaho-Hadjo (who has watched from the trees): Yes, and tell him his magic water has worked too well. Ha! He who drinks of Oclahatchee must ever return. Yes, Ha!



## EDITORIAL

## Another Chapter Begun

BY ANNIE LOUISE PAGE



COMMENCEMENT, and with this word come thoughts of caps and gowns, diplomas, pretty clothes, an array of gifts, and then—? But to other more serious-minded students comes a realization of what commencement really means, a beginning. Some say that it is an ending—the end of college life, and perhaps it is in one sense.

It is true that there will be no more parallel, nor examinations, nor books to be studied unless the senior carries her work into other colleges or universities. But can it be said that college life is at an end when the senior gets her diploma, is graduated, and leaves? Does the senior forget so quickly what college has meant to her, and does she fail to carry with her into the next chapter of her life, all that has been so important to her during college? Does the love which exists among the seniors for their Alma Mater die just because they are no longer students? Are ties of friendship which were made during the four years of college so easily broken after graduation? If these things are true, then has a college training been of any great worth to the individual?

Commencement is really a beginning. For the first time perhaps in the life of the graduate will she really have to face the world and be subject to its hardships and difficulties. And how will she meet these problems of life? Will she face them unflinchingly and boldly, or will she be shrinking and entirely lacking in initiative? This will depend on the senior and on the degree to which her college education has prepared her to face life. If she has made the most of college, has thrown herself whole-heartedly into her work and into every phase of her school activities, then it is most likely that she will begin the next chapter in the book of her life in the same whole-hearted, vigorous manner, will meet and overcome obstacles as she did in college, and will be a success. Not financially perhaps—unless she marries money—but she will be a success in the many other phases of the word. And if the graduate has been lacking in ambition, initiative, and foresight in college, it is more than likely that these qualities will be dominant in the girl's life after graduation.

At any rate, a new chapter is begun for every graduate. It may be the continuation of an old one, or an entirely new chapter. Graduation may mark the real beginning of the book, the life spent at college having been only preface pages. Or it may be that many fine chapters have been written in the book and the senior will merely begin a new one. At least "another chapter" is marked out by commencement.



## The Architecture of Dreams

By WINNIFRED JONES



HAT spot of sunshine, unspoiled by the merest fleck of shade, that elusive bit of happiness which is sometimes termed ideal, or, as someone has said, "That Land of Dreams Come True," may always be just over the crest of the next hill or around the bend in the road. But,—when there's a breath of summer in the wind, a clear-blue sky overhead, and soft, fuzzy tufts of grass are fringing the paths, that little "something just around the corner" takes on a distinct glow and looms up in surprisingly large proportions.

In the hot summer months, this fairy-like castle fades perceptibly, and loses itself in the bright red dashes of fleeting pleasure that sweep its delicate tints away. All through weary months of snow and bitter winds it stirs faintly, but it usually continues to nod drowsily by the fire, in startling human fashion. But, when springtime comes and hope rides high, the fairy castle grows, thrusting its glowing battlements vividly before our eyes and flaunting its rainbow banners, just out of reach. It tantalizes us, challenges us, and lures us on. And we grasp at it—as we used to clutch after the sunbeams across our cradle-quilt.

However, ideals are more stable than sunshine. Sometimes, and more frequently than we think, someone passes us on the pathway, and if he is steady enough in heart and fleet enough in mind,—catches his fairy castle in his hands. And, a crystallized dream is a lovely thing.

Is your castle built of only a few, bare blocks? If it is, it should not be very hard to reach, but then it would be drab and colorless and only somewhat satisfying.

If you build your castles high, polishing their turrets with repeated thought and wiping the dust off them with a few tears, they will seem more tantalizingly near each spring, and they will always gleam just around the curve of the road, over the hill, always barely outside the range of mere every-day reach, like a lovely will-o'-the-wisp, which we are content to follow only if we hope to reach it some day.

## Commencement Reflections

BY LOUISE MACKAY



ADICAL changes come but infrequently to us. Three, or perhaps four times in our lives we see ahead of us something new, something vastly alluring, something momentous. One of these is commencement. All our lives we have looked forward to it, and four years we have worked



for it. Now that it is here we feel bewildered and our joy is mingled with other confused emotions.

If we could analyze ourselves, understand our characters and personalities, we could perhaps estimate the value of the four years of college life to us. Just suppose for a minute that we can, and what should we find in our characters that was not there when we entered the Wesleyan halls fresh from high school?

Great knowledge we may find, or perhaps we may not. That does not so much matter, for even what we know now, will be lost in ten or fifteen years. But the lasting impressions, what of them? There are scenes of the old Wesleyan campus,—quiet walks along the cool and time-worn paths, laughter, and joy. From the last year, we treasure scenes of the new Wesleyan, the wide stretches of meadow ending in the exquisitely shaded woods, the graceful buildings. All these are things that can never be forgotten.

Again we shall see a spirit of fellowship, of camaraderie that invites fun and always plays the game square. We may see peculiar little characteristics and mannerisms that proclaim the Wesleyanne. Or do we have customs that are characteristically Wesleyan? We shall surely see in any case a personality rounded by the mystical contact of the classroom. And we shall hope to find in each of us peace of soul and adjustment to our world.

The first commencement at Rivoli will be beautiful and unusual. For the first time Wesleyan graduates will receive their diplomas under the wide blue arch of heaven. The morning sun will brighten their faces, soft-throated birds will sing for them, and the spring zephyrs will kiss them farewell.

## Pretense

*Pretend, dear heart,—  
Let them never know  
That underneath  
There's a soul of snow.  
Let them suppose  
You do not care—  
Smile as you bear  
Your sorrow on.  
But remember  
That ashes of smiles  
May bring  
Death to the heart  
That cannot sing.  
Ah! Pretense is  
The saddest thing  
When it's over  
A butterfly's broken wing.*

—By MARJORIE F. TAYLOR.



## "A Peach of a Story"

By MARY COTTON



EVERYBODY Orphans' Home to Receive \$15,000 Endowment. Late H. A.

Benviggle Provides for Gift in Will."

The headlines of the Pelt county paper stood out before the eyes of the short, stout, jocular man with the bald head. The man, who sat cross-legged in his office and puffed occasionally the fat end of a black cigar over the edge of the paper, was the warden of the state prison. He was seated comfortably on a green felt pad in a tall chair the upper half of which seemed to wave and sway about as he shifted positions. Before him was a sturdy old oak table which, judging from the fresh smell of O'Cedar polish, had been recently dusted and polished.

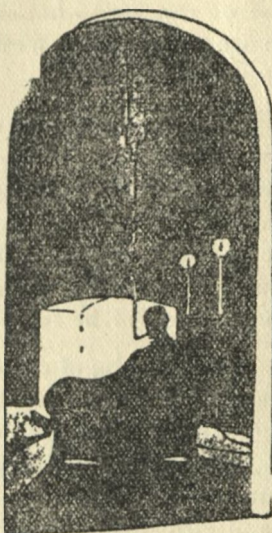
"John, did you see this about old Mr. Benviggle?" he remarked to the back of the tall gaunt figure in the grey cotton prison uniform.

John seemed to pivot his jumping-jack body on his long broad feet.

"Yea, didn't it surprise you?" John's face, which before seemed to say that he was working out some great problem from which even the offer of a new mystery story would fail to recall him, seemed now electrified with attention.

"It was kind of a surprise wasn't it? Everybody knew Benviggle was an old miser, but nobody guessed that he had saved up that much," remarked the warden.

John made no reply for a minute or two. He seemed to want to say something and yet to be doubtful whether to speak or not. Finally, he said simply, "He didn't."



There was something in the tone in which John said this that made the warden lower his paper and look quickly at the man in grey.

In a few minutes John continued, "I don't guess I can lose anything by telling. I'm a 'life-timer' anyway." He paused, "Do you want to hear?" He ceased sweeping long enough to return the warden's glance for the first time.

"What do you mean?" the warden asked, staring at him with a puzzled expression on his face.

"Well, you see it was this way," he began as he dropped his broom against

the wall and dropped into the straight chair at the side of the Warden's desk.

John did not look at him now. His mind seemed far away, and a faint smile flickered about the corners of his mouth.

"Mr. Wayman, before I came here I was a mail clerk. I was young. I was discontented. I wanted to be rich. We all do. I think one of the main reasons was that my girl 'threw me over' and married a boy who had more money than I. Well, it doesn't matter now.

"It was easy. Every day a good deal of money passed through my hands. A little from here, and a little from there. They could never trace it. Just think of the hands a letter passes through. Then too, my line was a small line and received much 'overflow mail', you know, letters that were sent by this indirect route because the main route was too 'rushed.'

"I was getting along fine until one day I learned that they were getting on my 'trail.' An inspector was to come soon to investigate our route in search of a



registered letter that had just been lost.

"Something 'got me.' It was the first time our line had even been suspected. I knew I couldn't face that inspector whatever happened so I—well, I just 'checked out.' It was wrong. I knew it the minute I did it, for they set the detectives hot on my trail.

"I had noticed a man from headquarters whom I thought was trailing me for two or three days. When I had left my job, I had headed straight for Atlanta, and here I couldn't manage to lose him. I had just left him a little behind me in a big department store when a thought came to me. I ducked into a barber shop ahead of my friend. I had to do something with the fifteen thousand dollars I had in my pocket. That money had stood for the hoarding and accumulation of years. What could I do with it? I took off my coat in getting ready for a shave. What must I do with the money? I couldn't leave it in the pocket. I didn't want him to find it in my pocket—I knew. Facing the coat rack and with my back knocking off the view, I 'eased' the money from my own pocket into the pocket of the grey overcoat hanging next to mine.

"In a moment I was in the chair. My whole face was swathed in steaming hot towels and I was safe—safe. The thought beat in my brain. The heat seemed to stimulate the blood all over my body. I felt much better and surer of myself when a few minutes later, I rose from the chair and reached for my coat.

"My G—! The grey overcoat I had dropped the money into meaning to get it later, if the man did not overtake me and arrest me, was gone. I started, I grew hot and weak all over. Trembling, I slipped on my coat and hurried from the barber shop. It was located on a side street and luckily it happened that it was at the time of day when there were not many people on the street. As I came out of the door, I caught sight of the tail of a grey overcoat as it rounded the corner ahead of me. Irrationally I fol-

lowed, and turning the corner, recognized the wearer as one of the men who had been in the barber shop.

"He went straight to the hotel, and I followed as though I was tied to that overcoat pocket by an invisible bond. I rode up on the elevator with him and followed him down one of the halls to room 711, where he turned in.

"I returned to the lobby. Going up to the desk I quickly made arrangements to take room 718, just down the hall from the man with the grey overcoat.

"Was it my imagination that made me think that the man of the grey overcoat looked at me in a puzzled way that night as I sat a few tables removed from him, or that made me think that he was watching me shrewdly out of the corner of his eye in the few days that followed?

"I saw that nothing could be accomplished by following him. The next morning by bribing the maid I managed to gain access to his room. I searched every inch of the place. The money was not there. Fool! I might have known he would not leave it in his room. It must be on his person. He had not been near a bank. I had watched him too closely for that. I returned to my room.

"That night after supper and an hour and a half's entertainment at a cheap theater, my man sauntered back to the hotel with me following him nervously at a closer distance than I had dared to yet so far. He went straight to his room and I to mine.

"I was desperate. From the registration book that morning I had learned that he had paid his bill and checked out. What was I to do? I couldn't keep this up. The suspense was ruining me. I was getting pale. My cheeks seemed to be hollowing out. Dark circles were appearing around my sunken eyes. I was so nervous that I jumped at the least noise. Now as I glanced over my shoulder, I started at seeing myself in the mirror.

"I must do something. My hand slid into my overcoat pocket and closed



around a hard cold object that was a revolver.

"With desperation I softly swung open the door, walked rapidly down the hall and entered the room of the man with the grey overcoat.

"He was buttoning up the jacket of a pair of long, light blue pajamas when I came in and aimed my pistol at his breast. He looked absurdly ridiculous as he stood there in the middle of the floor with an expression of mixed fear and helplessness on his face, and let his hands twitch with nervousness as he fumbled at the top button of his pajama jacket.

"What do you want?', he stammered out.

"You know well enough,' I retorted.

"He remained covered by my gaze and by my gun. I crossed the floor and rapidly searched his clothes. Not there! Puzzled and outwitted, I glanced at him.

"Where's that money,' I demanded.

"What money?' he asked, swallowing hard and staring at me with wide open eyes.

"Don't be phoney. I mean the wad of money I dropped into your overcoat pocket five days ago in the barber shop.'

"Wad of money—my pocket—? Man, are you crazy?' the man seemed fairly to quake all over.

"Sure! I dropped it into the pocket of that grey overcoat over there,' I answered, pointing to his coat.

"It couldn't have been mine—Oh! a grey overcoat did you say? Grey? I'll bet . . . Mr. Benviggle and I had grey overcoats almost identically alike. They

were hanging side by side. I remember now—in the barber shop. We got through about the same time, and I remember we remarked about their being alike. It must have been—' He had begun to smile and a relieved expression had come to his face, but so intent was I on what he was saying and so astonished by it all, that not until I felt the round nose of a revolver in the small of my back and heard a brusque command to drop my gun, did I realize why. I dropped my revolver and threw up my hands. Half turning I recognized the hotel detective.

"So he was right about your being a queer looking bird. It's a good thing he told me you'd been trailin' him and asked me to watch you! Tried to pull something, didn't ya'?"

"And so I was sent to prison while old Benviggle got the money."

Genuine resentment showed on John's face as he sat there in the warden's office. His feet were firmly placed on the floor and his knees were slightly apart. He was leaning forward, his elbows propped on his knees and his hands crossed before him.

Real sympathy showed on the kind face of the warden. We seemed about to speak when his expression changed.

"But, John, you're here for murder. Your record shows you've never been in prison before. John, you were never a mail clerk. . . ."

John grinned sheepishly and looked at the warden.

"I know, sir, but wouldn't it make a peach of a story?"



# LAVENDER

## HOPE

O trees,  
With drooping limbs and branches bare,  
You are forlorn.  
The bleak winds whistle round,  
Dark clouds hang low and cold rains fall  
But winter passes soon,—  
Your roots are strong,  
Your leaves will come again,  
O trees!

O life,  
With heart bowed down and friends all  
gone,  
You are forlorn.  
The dead past hovers round.  
Black clouds hang low and chill rains fall.  
But sorrow passes soon,—  
Your hopes are strong,  
Your joys will come again,  
O life!

—By NANCY STEWART.

## MAY

Clouds sail past  
Like silv'ry white sails  
On a wind-tossed sea.

Fresh rains bring  
Flowers that spring  
From their dark home  
Far under the turf.

Streams hurry past,  
Swollen and fast  
From the gift of the snow god  
On the white distant peak.  
Lo! 'tis May.

—By CAROLINE OWEN.

## STOCKINGS

I've mended them since the beginning—  
Daytime  
And nighttime  
At dawn  
And at sunset  
In the starlight  
And in the moonlight—  
And into each I've sewed some part of  
me,

I've recorded  
Glad days and sad days,  
Old dreams  
And sometimes new dreams  
Schemes  
And plans that never unfolded—  
Jagged thoughts, like the stitches  
While some few were straight and  
narrow—

I think  
Some day, I'll burn them  
And these dreams like me will go into  
eternity.

—By CLIFFORD WILKINSON.

## A PARADOX

You come, a suppliant,  
Demanding naught, beseeching  
But some small favor, some slight token.  
To me you bring a love so beautiful  
In its utter selflessness that it  
Makes all wonder save me, who, turning,  
Laugh, and laughing, leave you.  
You come, a conqueror,  
Demanding all, beseeching  
But other favors, other tokens.  
To me you bring a love so exciting  
In its sheer autocracy that it  
Makes all wonder same me, who, turning,  
Yield, and yielding, love you.

—By MARY FISKE.

## REFUGE

Come to my arms, your refuge, weary  
one,  
And lay your young head close against  
my breast,  
Lay your head against my glad young  
breast,—  
I shall let down my dark young hair  
about you,  
A perfumed quietness.  
Lay your head close against me, tired  
one,  
That I may watch your closed eyes while  
you sleep,  
That my soft whispered song may touch  
your ear,—  
That I may soothe you soon to slumber  
on  
The beating of my heart.



## Jimmy's Diploma

By BERNICE BASSETT

**J**AMES ALLEN McCLENDON," the speaker's voice, professionally interested, patronizing, and eloquent, rolled out over the audience. Kicking the shins of the boy next to him, James Allen, thus announced, rose and advanced good-naturedly to the center of the stage. The favor wasn't all on the superintendent's side, he informed him inwardly—he needn't look so counfoundedly gracious—if James Allen hadn't consented to go after the diploma, wouldn't he have looked funny standing there holding it? The boy took the scroll, bowed in the style correctly expressing profound gratitude, made the correct right turn, again took his seat with the graduates.

A look of great relief smoothed the faces of two of the spectators. It had been mighty hard work to teach that young scamp Latin, the owner of one faces reflected, as he settled back more comfortably. It had been mighty hard to send him to school those four years, but she had done it, and with God's help she would send him to college for four more years, the owner of the other face reflected. And for her, there was only one person on the stage now, the others had ceased to exist.

The rest of the diplomas were given out and evidently there was a selection "rendered" by the glee club, Mrs. Mc-



Clendon wasn't quite sure of that, but the next day's paper gave the singing high praise and she supposed the paper was right. The next thing she was sure of was that the exercises were over, and she was walking home by the side of her son.

"Well, Mother, that's over. How did you like it?"

"Oh, it was fine, Jimmy. I was so proud of you."

"Honestly, wasn't the 'super' dignified looking though? I bet he'd even have jumped dignified, if I'd stuck him with a pin,"

"Now, Jimmy," Mrs. McCleendon was shocked even though it was her son that had uttered the blasphemy.

"Well, he did. He looked so funny."

"Just think, Jim," Mrs. McCleendon changed the

subject quickly, "Next year you'll be a freshman in college. Won't that be grand?" Her voice throbbed with happiness. Her Jim going to college. She hadn't been able to go, and neither had his father, but he would go.

"Uh, uh." There was little enthusiasm in the boy's reply.

"Say, Mother, Mr. Lawton says he'll give me a job for this summer. Says I can go with him to Morristown and help him canvass. I'll get a dollar on every auto-jack I sell, and he thinks I can sell lots of them—says I'm a good salesman. Won't that be grand?" He was eager and happy as he told her his plans for



future millionaireship.

"Yes, Jimmy, and the money will help you in college next year, too."

"Uh, uh." The eagerness was gone.

The night air was cool and clean and refreshing after the stuffiness of the auditorium, and the two walked slowly arm in arm until they reached the small white house where they had lived since Jimmy was a child. Jimmy's father had bought the little home and had left it when he died to his widow and small son. It was little and old-fashioned and in need of paint, but it was loved—by Jimmy, by his mother, by the flowers that clustered close around it, and even by the larger houses that surrounded it as though trying to protect it and its small garden from danger.

"Be it ever so humble—," warbled Jimmy, purposely off the key. "Look at me, house, 'tis a learned graduate ye're after seeing tonight."

Bowed as though weighted down by the diploma he was carrying, the "learned graduate" followed his mother into the favored house.

"Here it is, Mom," the boy held out the scroll. "Complete in one volume—wonder what it says."

"This is to certify that James Allen McClendon—ahem—has completed the—whew, look at these signatures. Mom, I'm overwhelmed."

"I'm going to frame it, boy, and hang it up till you get one from college. Then we'll hang that one up." Mrs. McClendon's eyes shone as she pointed out the place. "Right there, boy, right where every one can see it."

\* \* \* \* \*

It was late in July. Mrs. McClendon sang softly to herself as she deftly turned out her cake from the hot pan and then watched it exultantly—"It's not going to fall, thank goodness."

The front door slammed open and shut again.

"Mom, oh, Mom, say Mother—Mom, guess! Mr. Lawton says he'll keep me

on this fall and next year too. Told me I was the best one on the field—and they're going to start a salary as well as a commission—and, Mom, I sold ten today. Gee, even made Lawrence take one—Say, you know I'm getting lots of education out of this," (desperately)—"you get to know people and—"

"But, Jimmy," Mrs. McClendon was dazed. "You're going to college next year. How—?"

"Yeh, I know, Mother. Honestly, it's grand for you to want to send me, but, Mom, I appreciate it and all, but Mom—oh,—hang it all—you know—please, Mom, I like this and maybe I could go later—."

"Oh, Jimmy, you don't want to change your high school diploma—you going to let it stay there and not get another? Jimmy—."

"Please, Mother, don't—I want to work, I don't want to—that is, I'd rather work. And then, Mom, we could take all that money and paint the house and buy you so many nice things. I saw—."

"No, Jimmy, I can't paint the house with your opportunity. You must go, Jimmy. You can work later—."

Jimmy moved restlessly, and then, as though afraid to look at his mother, he walked to the window and spoke over his shoulder.

Jimmy moved restlessly, and then, as though afraid to look at his mother, he walked to the window and spoke over his shoulder.

"But I can't, Mother, I—I've signed the contract already."

There was a heavy silence for several minutes. Then, as though she were an automaton, the mother began to mix the frosting for her son's cake.

\* \* \* \* \*

Many years later, a large frame holding a Maxwell High School diploma granted to James Allen McClendon, was found laid carefully in an old trunk in the attic.



## Percy and Percy

By NANCY STEWART



**W**HAT'S in a name, you ask?" questioned the wise Mr. Fair. "Why, nothing whatever. If you are named John instead of Bob, or vice versa, that means nothing in the long run. If you are going to win in this battle of life, it matters not what name you happen to bear. A name doesn't count,—it's you yourself."

"Oh, we're not discussing the 'battle of life' or its success at present. We're talking about names," replied Percy Lamont with impatience. "For instance my own title, 'Percy'. Who in thunder ever liked that name for a man? Quite a handicap for me. Why on earth my loving Aunt Dora couldn't have bestowed some other heritage on me besides that, I can't see."

"Well, it seems your Uncle Dunbar made up for it by bestowing the neat sum of \$400,000 on you," remarked Jack Martin, a fellow club-member.

"We're discussing my Aunt Dora in regard to my name, I believe," responded Percy with a hint of sarcasm. "Just look at this letter I received the other day addressed to 'Miss Percy Lamont.'"

Harksley  
July 1, 1923.

"My dear Miss Lamont:

"Since you are to be in our town for the next nine months as our school-teacher, I would like to say that I usually board the teachers here and will be glad to have you stay at my house.

"Yours truly,

"Mrs. Jeb Westman."

"Some metropolis for you to waste



your time in teaching school, 'Miss Lamont,' but good luck to you," said the wise Mr. Fair.

"Well, I'm going to try it anyhow. I've always wanted to teach school but Aunt Dora decreed otherwise, and so I've had to work as assistant editor of my uncle Dunbar's newspaper," finished Percy with a loving stroke of his golden curls.

"And maybe you'll find some real romance,"

suggested Bob Hughes, the fourth member of the "Big F" Club.

"Bosh on the romance!" frowned practical Percy.

"I don't wave the white flag on that. Suppose you marry this Percy person and she won't have to go to the trouble of changing her name. Then you two can live happily ever after, trudging to school, returning to a rose-covered cottage at evening where—."

"Bob, if you don't play poker so darned well—"

"Oh, well. I'll go repeat my poetry to the night and the listening stars," replied the undaunted Bob.

"I'm not in search of romance. If anything, I would run from it," said Percy.

With this he left the clubroom and made his way home to the waiting Aunt Dora, his only kin on earth.

"How many times have I told you not to wait up for me?"

"Oh, Sonny dear, you're home at last. Where have you been so long? It's eleven o'clock and you know you go to work at eight. I'm afraid you'll be tired in the morning," responded Aunt Dora sweetly.



"Am I not old enough to stay up until I get ready without anybody else's say-so?" Percy retorted as he left the room.

"Oh, Sonny dear, I hope you're not angry. You know I want you here with me some. And besides you know those boys down town are not fit associates for my boy."

But Sonny, with an angry mutter had already ascended the stairs by threes and had gained the seclusion of his own room. When a fellow has all this to bear and the name Percy besides, it's pretty fierce.

In another part of the city a young lady by the name of Percy Lamont anxiously received the evening mail and joyfully read the acceptance of her application to teach school in Harksley.

"Now, that'll help as much for you won't have me to keep up", laughed this fair and feminine Percy.

"As if I minded that, Chiquita", responded Mr. Lamont, whose financial crisis had caused Percy to apply for a position as school teacher.

"I've been a terrible expense anyway, but I won't be any more and I'll help buy back the store, Daddy dear."

"My dear, the store is quite safe for a while yet."

"Perhaps, but the debt will hang over our heads like a thunder cloud until it is settled, you know, Daddy."

The village of Harksley, some hundred miles away from Berkeley, was quietly basking in the July sun. Gathered about the front of the village store were the most prominent citizens of the town, the best jokers, the most skilled checker players, the mayor, the school trustees and other lesser lights.

It was a dull season for everybody—even Mary Jane Peppers, the champion gossip of the village was complaining of the monotony. Since the new school building had been completed, the desks set up, and the lamps hung on the wall, progress seemed to stand still. Tourists seldom passed that way and all communication with the outside world was shut off by the mountains which towered

over the quiet village like faithful dogs.

It has been said that quiet reigned supreme, but perhaps an exception to that statement would be best, for at least a dozen masculine hearts were beating faster at the thoughts of a young lady school teacher and the hopes of a beautiful one at that. At least a dozen pairs of eyes glowed fiercely at one another in speaking of that person. And at least a dozen pairs of hair brushes were in danger of being worn out on a dozen heads of Harksley's chosen beaux.

Aunt Jenny Westman, according to her usual custom, was busily engaged in canning and adding constantly to her already well-filled shelves of jellies and sweets. It was she who boarded the school teacher, for her husband was chairman of the Board of Education.

The sun had just slipped behind the hills when in the midst of an exciting game of checkers, the friendly opponents were interrupted by the announcement that a stranger was approaching. Accordingly a dozen or more pair of eyes were turned with steady gaze on the approaching figure.

"Faith, if he ain't got on knee britches", was the first ejaculation.

"And wool socks, added another.

"An carryin' two big suitcases", added a third.

Then a dozen or more lips framed the next exclamation.

"Wonder what in thunder he wants here!"

By this time Percy Lamont had arrived at the store and was being carefully inspected by inquisitive eyes.

"Can someone tell me where I may find Mr. Jeb Westman, chairman of the Board of Education?" inquired Percy after depositing the two suitcases on the steps.

"He ain't in town just now. He's gone to Big Springs over that way fur a spell. Did you want to see him on business?" answered one of the group.

"Yes, I'm very anxious to see Mr.



Westman. Can you tell me when he is expected home?"

"Bout next Wednesday, I think. Be ye expectin' to stay here long?"

"Why yes, I guess so."

"Then if ye dont know where to stay I can show ye the hotel", said Patrick O'Mallory, whose sister Ruth was owner of the only excuse for a hotel the town boasted.

"Thank you", replied Percy.

Accordingly, he was shown to "O'Mallory's Inn", a ramshackle, wooden building whose only luxury seemed to be cleanliness.

Miss O'Mallory, the proprietress was an Irish woman of huge stature and a keen sensitiveness regarding her size, as was her wont, received the stranger rather coolly, but soon her heart melted toward the young man who flattered her so pleasingly.

"Be ye going to go to the box supper to-night?", inquired the loquacious Miss O'Mallory.

"Why no, I knew nothing of it. Besides I am too tired", replied Percy.

"Well, you shure will be missin' lots, Mr. er—er—"

"Jackson".

"Fer all the gals will be there. It's to help pay for the lamps in the new school house. I'm going cause I do love to see the young folks have a good time."

Percy contemplated this statement for a moment.

"Miss O'Mallory, I'll go to the box supper if you will allow me to go with you and will describe your box," he announced at last.

At this sudden turn of affairs the excitable Miss O'Mallory came near fainting. As soon as she was able she answered that she would be "De-lighted."

"Shure, me box'll have a white rose on it, but'll be perfectly plain otherwise," she hinted broadly.

Percy was naturally kind-hearted, and the instance afforded an opportunity of making some one happy. Besides, he would get an idea of the people of the community at such a gathering.

The school-house was already crowded when Percy escorted Miss O'Mallory inside. Many were the whisperings which the stranger caused, and many were the suppositions about his identity and his business. (Miss Mary Jane Peppers had already been busy.)

Finally the bidding began. The auctioneer being of small stature was almost completely hidden behind a wall of boxes. But at length a white box with a white rose was brought forth.

"Plain and simple, but heavy, my goodness! Bet there's enough for three or four in there. Who'll bid first" sang out the auctioneer.

"Two dollars", called out Percy.

"Two fifty," challenged Sam Hastings, the town bully.

"Three fifty."

"Three seventy-five from Sam.

"Four seventy-five."

"Three seventy-five," from Sam.

"Six."

"Who'll raise it?"

Silence, deathlike silence.

"It's yourn here, Mr.—er—er—"

"Jackson."

"Miss Elsie Jennings will please come forward."

The silence gave way to murmurings and threats of Miss Elsie Jennings' most ardent suitor, Sam Hastings. Miss Jane O'Mallory was heard to exclaim without modesty, "The Devil!"

Percy alone kept his composure and led the smiling Miss Jennings away.

It was almost ten o'clock when the company dispersed and Percy sought out the irate Miss O'Mallory. After many efforts he was able to explain the mistake which had inconvenienced both himself and the inflammable Sam Hastings, whose ominous threats still rang in his ears. "You'd better leave my gal alone. She's mine. Been promised to me long time."

Mr. Westman came the following Monday, two days ahead of time, and was immediately sought out by Percy, who had impatiently awaited his arrival.

"Mr. Westman, this is Mr. Lamont,



the new school teacher. I came down to look things over and would like to speak to you about the school here", he said by way of introduction.

Jeb Westman eyed him suspiciously.

"Mr. Lamont, huh? Thought we was gettin' a gal. You signed yer name Miss, I have yer application."

"But there must be some mistake, sir."

"Waal, we'll see."

"Have a cigar, sir."

"Thank ye."

At length Jeb's manner toward the new school master softened, and Percy presented his plan of beginning school two weeks earlier than was intended.

So followed the general announcement that school would begin the following Monday. Many were the conjectures which followed this announcement; and much surprise was evinced when the true identity of the stranger became known.

Sam Hastings was heard to declare that, "Ef that city-shiek waz the school-teacher he wasn't afraid of him. He'd still get even with him some time for stealin' his gal the night of the box-supper."

Monday morning came and with it a downpour of rain which dampened somewhat the spirits of many of the loyal school patrons who had heretofore considered it their duty to attend all school affairs. But despite this many managed to come. Among those present were Miss Jane O'Mallory and Miss Elsie Jennings.

Percy's introductory speech was punctiliously rendered and those attending were quite satisfied as to his capability. Such was the effect of a few words which they did not understand.

For a while matters progressed nicely and a few of the pupils showed great aptitude to learn, especially the feminine portion. The dozen or more male hearts had never quite recovered from the disappointment that "Miss Percy Lamont" was a "Mister", and the dozen or more hair brushes which were in grave danger

of being worn out had been replaced in their old depositories.

Sam Hastings had never forgiven Percy for capturing the heart of his dearly beloved and still harbored revenge against the unoffending Percy. At one time when Elsie Jennings found an algebra problem which required quite a deal of explanation and Percy was facing the blackboard with his back to the class, Sam became very much infuriated and hurled a book at the head of Percy, barely missing it by a fraction of an inch. Percy turned about and called out:

"Who threw that?"

A glance over the room showed him the guilty party.

"Sam Hastings, come forward!"

Sam came forward with a very careless air. Percy seized a ruler and administered a very thorough whipping to his eldest pupil, finishing with a command to remain after school for a month.

Two weeks of the month had passed when Harksley was afforded another surprise in the person of Miss Percy Lamont. Her first glimpse of the quiet village was somewhat the same as that of Mr. Percy Lamont had been. She found the same assembly in front of the store, occupied in the same manner as they had been a month ago. The only exception was that no less person than Mr. Jeb Westman graced the company.

"Can someone tell me where I may find Mr. Jeb Westman?" called out a birdlike voice as two suitcases were deposited on the steps of the store.

"Why, yes ma'am, answered Jeb eagerly, "this is him."

"May I see you alone?" asked the owner of the birdlike voice.

"Yes, ma'am. with pleasure!"

"I am Miss Percy Lamont, teacher for the next term of school."

"Miss Percy Lamont!" exclaimed Jeb, astounded. "Why a Mr. Percy Lamont has done come and started the school over a week ago. I never did think much o' him anyway. Now I know he's a no-account feller" and Mr. Jeb West-



man stroked his few remaining locks of blonde hair.

"What! Has someone taken my place away from me? Oh, dear, what shall I do?"

"Never mind, Miss Percy, we'll fix the villain who dared to steal your place. Just you wait an' tomorrow we'll fix 'im. Now you just go over to Jenny's an' she'll make you comfortable. Tomorrow we'll drive that scamp outa town ef we hafta rock him out."

Jeb's sympathies were all enlisted for the slight form at his side.

Eight o'clock the next morning found Jeb and Miss Percy plodding toward the school-house where school had already begun. Jeb's voice was heard over that of his son who was reading "Gray's Elegy" with many gestures and much expression.

"Mr. Lamont, I want to see you for a few minutes."

An impressive silence reigned for a few moments, but just as Percy gained the door the pupils began whispering as they always do when the teacher turns his back.

"Mr. Lamont, I reckon Miss Percy Lamont would like an explanation from ye why ye come an' stole her school deliberately away from her."

"Certainly, sir," replied Percy calmly, "I only hope my explanation will be satisfactory."

"Waal, go on."

"From my earliest youth my greatest ambition has been to teach school, but my hopes were never realized on account of a relative who desired me to take up the work that was left vacant by the death of an uncle. I did so and for several years was editor of 'The Daily News.' Sometime ago I received a letter addressed to 'Miss Percy Lamont.' I was then entirely unaware of the fact that there existed such a person as Miss Lamont. As I had often received mail addressed 'Miss' I thought nothing of it for a time. But after several days I happened to notice the letter and particularly the part in regard to

teaching. I resolved to come here immediately, start the school, and get it in good order by the time the real Miss Lamont came. I have enjoyed the novelty of the thing immensely and I've grown even fonder of the occupation, but now I turn the place over to you, Miss Lamont, with many thanks for the enjoyment it has afforded me. You will find the school in excellent running order."

"Thank you, sir, but you might have spared yourself that trouble. I feel thoroughly capable of teaching and maintaining correct discipline among my pupils without any aid."

"I ask your pardon, Miss Lamont. I certainly had no intentions of offending you."

"Please understand me, I would not accept this position after this has happened, if it were not very necessary."

When it became generally known that Mr. Percy Lamont was a usurper was not really a teacher, indignation was very great against him. Even Elsie Jennings' love waned and Miss O'Mallory's ardent outbursts of admiration were heard less often.

Jeb Westman gave vent to tirades of anger almost daily to a large company which assembled in front of the village store.

"An' him experimentin' in teachin'. Experimentin' on the youth of our little city. Takin' the bread outta somebody else's mouth. Teachin' fer the novelty in it. I'll tell you ladies and fellow-citizens, our state would be better off with such a person clean outta it."

Here followed a general burst of applause and popular opinion was such that had Percy been present, the chances are that he would hardly have escaped with his life. As it was however, Percy was quite a distance away reclining in one of the easy chairs of the "Big F" clubroom while the wise Mr. Fair, the romantic Bob and the cynical Jack each uttered with one accord, "Told you so."

Almost a whole week had passed when Percy, who had heard rumors that Harksley was considering establishing



another teacher in the second room of the new school house, decided to return to Harksley. He was passing the school-house the morning following his arrival on his way to town when he was attracted by the sound of voices whom he knew to be Miss Lamont and Sam Hastings.

"Sam Hastings, you will remain in after school when the others have gone for two hours."

"Well, I'm not a-goin' to do it. If you think I'm a-goin' to stay in for you like I did for that red-headed thief, ye're mistaken."

"Sam Hastings, you shall not speak so of Mr. Lamont; neither shall you speak to me in such a manner. Come to the front!"

"I'm goin' home," replied Sam as he started to the doorway where his progress was blocked by the form of Percy.

"Sam Hastings, go to the front of the room immediately and remain there. If you attempt to leave I shall use physical force to keep you here."

Sam Hastings did remain after school for two hours and at five o'clock Miss Percy came to Mr. Percy Lamont with the following words of gratitude:

"I appreciate very much your interference this morning although it caused me much embarrassment and perhaps lessened my authority in the eyes of my pupils. At any rate it was rather singular that you of all persons should help me out."

"Miss Lamont, again I ask your pardon. Please believe me when I say that I did what I did only for your benefit." Then suddenly, "Oh, why can't we two be friends?"

"Perhaps it could be arranged."

With these intriguing words and an encouraging smile, Miss Percy Lamont turned and left the bewildered Mr. Percy Lamont to stare after her in astonishment.

A few days later Jeb Westman summoned Percy to his presence.

"Young man, how would you like to be assistant teacher here?" he asked seriously.

"Very much indeed, Mr. Westman."

"Well, then, Mr. Lamont, it's yours."

"Thank you, sir. I am greatly indebted to you."

"Now, it ain't me you're indebted to, —it's that gal Percy. She's been sayin' she needed an assistant and the other day 'lowed as how she had rather have you than anybody."

So Percy and Percy taught school together and became fast friends. While half of Harksley's inhabitants wondered where the affair would end, the other half still censured Percy for "trifling with the education of the youths of Harksley."

Fall had passed and winter begun and it was now only a few days until Christmas. The closing of the fall term of school was celebrated by a Christmas tree and an entertainment by local talent.

The huge cedar with its numerous decorations and presents occupied one room of the school-house while the entertainment was to be given in the adjoining room. Young Jeb Westman was reciting "Gray's Elegy" with his usual force and eloquence, and was trying to convince both his teachers that despite the fact that the reading was slightly inappropriate for the occasion, he would make the audience like it.

"Some village Hampden that with dauntless breast,

The little tyrant of his fields withstood,  
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,

Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood!"

The sniffing which had started in the audience at the beginning of the recitation seemed to spread throughout the audience and young Jeb's eloquence was apparently wasted. Suddenly amid a gust of smoke a dozen or more voices echoed in unison, "Fire!" and a few females deemed it wise to faint. Percy ran and opened the door to find the Christmas tree a blazing mass. One of the candles had caught the decorations on fire and almost instantly the presents had caught from it. The entire room



was by this time a mass of flames while the whole company was wild with fear. Above the din and roar Percy was heard to exclaim: "Stand back from the door. Ladies and children pass out first."

By the time the entire audience had filed out the building was falling in. The people trudging home without any wraps, the inflamed sky, and the crackling of the logs were unheeded by Percy and Percy as they walked slowly toward Jeb

Westman's, apparently unmindful of the cold. Sometimes love can be blind, deaf, and dumb.

A few days after the fire a number of workmen came to Harksley to begin work on a new school building to be of brick. And with them came some extra carpenters to begin work on a bungalow which Mr. Percy Lamont was having built for the time when Miss Percy Lamont would change the Miss to Mrs.

## Limitations

*Before our eyes a skining ideal glows,  
Of artless grace in flawless crystal caught—  
The perfect, sinless, loving, giving, self—  
We toil and pray and strive to realize  
This faultless thing, our tribute to the Lord.  
But, God! with shame and deep regret we see  
This visioned self, with sweet, submissive soul  
Besmirched and stained, its lovely outline blurred,  
Its noble purpose unfulfilled, forgot—  
Not innocence, but failure bids us break  
This gross, unlovely thing we wrought in pride.  
Oh tender Christ, fair Son of God, forgive!  
Though loud the spirit cried, and beat its wings,  
And faithfully we sought to do its will,  
We own the shackles of the flesh! They checked  
Our finer gestures, spoiled the clear, true line  
We would have wrought for Thee. Forgive us, and  
Behold the crystal fragment that remains!  
Then, mirroring the God-head in its heart,  
It may forget itself, and giving back to God  
The image of His deathless Son, receive  
Forgiveness, and eternal life with Him.*

—By ELIZABETH WILDE.



# Matrimonial Mottoes

By CLARA NELL HARGROVE



ND let me tell you, girls, if you want to get you a man you have to work for him. You can't expect to sit around and wait for your Prince Charming to come along." The speaker was a woman of fifty odd years who had spent the first half of her life turning down her matrimonial offers and the last half regretting it. Her failures were compensated only in the joy she derived from advising the younger generations in matters of the heart.

"But, Miss Mary," asked the young girl, replying as she had done for the past ten years, and as she knew she was expected to, "What are we to do?"

"Well I'll tell you my secret charm."

The two girls looked at each other significantly, repressing the laugh which they had been unable to hide the first sixteen times the conversation was repeated.

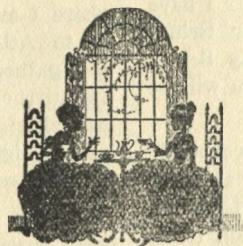
"You think I'm an old maid, do you? Well, you profit by my experience. Now my formula is this: FEED 'em; FLATTER 'em; FOOL 'EM: AND FETCH 'EM!"

"Oh thank you so-oo much, Miss Mary," and the younger of the girls made another unsuccessful attempt to slip by the porch chair.

"Yes, we do appreciate it so much," added the other with a grin, which Mary Appleton took for gratitude but which was a far different emotion. "In fact", she continued in a laughing tone, "Some times I feel real encouraged about my future."

"Good-bye, Miss Mary."

"Oh, wait. I want to show you the picture that your father gave me when we were courting."



"We'll be seeing you", and the pair had at last made their escape.

"Aren't they dear little things?" she commented to herself. "Now won't they be surprised when they find out what I'm about to do." She waved at one of her little first graders who was skat-

ing past the house, and passed slowly into her musty-smelling parlor.

She paused before the tall, elaborately carved mirror and patted the puffs of her drab, graying hair. Then looking slyly about the room to assure herself that some scheming man was not lurking in the corners to pry on her, and pulling from the depths of her lavender linen dress an envelope, she adjusted her nose glasses, and bent over the letter, studying its contents carefully for several moments.

"I'll do it! So help me Jonathan, I'll fool these Griffin people and do it. To think he's exactly my own age. And such a pretty name." She walked over to the heavy desk and took out her large wooden stationary box. "Archibald Lincoln Peavy—Archy. I wonder if he'd like me to call him 'Archy'. Mrs. A. L. Peavy. I do hope that he'll be taller than I am."

"Having heard of your desire to find a suitable companion"—no, no. That won't do!" She tore the paper up and carefully placed it in the wastepaper basket. "Dear Sir, I have been informed through the advertising department of the Atlanta Journal"—sounds too coarse. I want him to know I'm a lady. 'Dear Mr. Peavy, Having reached that stage of life where one is prone to look back on one's past life and regret certain mistakes, I have at last realized that



happiness for me must come through companionship.

"I was most favorably impressed by your letter in the Journal, and I am inclined to believe that we were destined for each other. I was so glad to find that you are fond of children, for I have taught the little dears in our Griffin schools and the Baptist Sunday School for years. I also hope that you will be willing to join my church.

"By the way, I write quite acceptable poetry. As you suggested, I can meet you Tuesday at the Atlanta terminal, and I will wear a white carnation (artificial)."—Now I think that will sound all right. I really believe it is a nice letter."

Having taken the fatal step, Miss Mary spent the few days before her wedding in girlish preparations. Her friends began to talk seriously amongst themselves about her health—so noticeable was her self-occupation. She even missed the business meeting of the Woman's

Missionary Society. (It was the first time in four years.)

\*\*\*\*\*

"Now be sure," warned Miss Mary to her deaf old servant "if anybody asks where I am, tell them that I have gone up to Atlanta on important business." She gathered up her bags and flew to the mirror. "Oh, there's the taxi. Do I look all right? I say, you old fool, do I look all right? I'm gone now. Don't forget. Important business."

The few miles to Atlanta seemed endless. It was such a struggle to keep her hat on straight. Her dress was right flapperish, and she feared for the pleats. She took out his letter and read it. Ten miles. She read it again. She spent a penny for a paper cup only to decide that she didn't want any water. She read the letter again. Five miles. In such a strenuous situation, one must have stimulants. She drank the first coca-

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cola that she had ever tasted, and felt immediately that she was going to get drunk. Maybe she was being a little rash in marrying this strange man. She wondered if maybe she had not better turn around and go back to safe little Griffin. But no.

The endless journey was nearing its close. The letter was read one last time, the carnation adjusted, and a smear of powder applied from a real, modern compact. Dared she try the rouge? She glanced about and decided to try it.

She was walking up the incline now. Where was Mr. Archy? Oh, she didn't see him. Where? Where? Was someone trying to make a fool out of her? And then she saw him. Yes, he was tall. He was looking about, too. Probably for her.

What? WHAT? She snatched off her carnation and threw it behind her to be hidden by the throng. "Why, hello, cousin Charlie," she cried in a small,

cracking voice. "Er, er—"

"Why Mary, what in the world are you doing up here?" He looked guiltily down at the flower on his vest and said, "A friend gave me the carnation. Yes sir! How do you like it?"

"Come up on business", she snapped. Good-bye." To think! He had used a false name—

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"Yes, my motto has always been FEED 'em, FLATTER . . ."

"Really, Miss Mary, we must be going."

# Persons

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## BOOKSHELF

### John Brown's Body

—STEPHEN VINCENT BENET.

In the poem, *John Brown's Body*, Stephen Vincent Benet has combined historical facts with fictional characters and events so as to produce a remarkably vivid impression of the great struggle between the two sections of young America. The historical characters that appear in the poem have been interpreted by the author, and certain feelings and thoughts have been attributed to them which cause them to stand out as real personages rather than as mere historical figures. Numerous intimate details and relatively unimportant events lend human interest, pathos, and a universal appeal to the otherwise bare presentation of military strategy. Many of the soldiers, both Union and Confederate, are given characterizing traits and are thus made to stand out as individuals. Both sides of the conflict which tore the States apart are presented impartially and sympathetically.

The author pictures John Brown as an individual who fought and died for a cause. "John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave," but his song was blown about by the wind, growing stronger and marching on.

In the last book of the poem, Stephen Vincent Benet exhorts Americans to bury John Brown and his song, to bury the bygone South with all the "chivalry that went to seed before its ripening, . . . . "And with these things, bury the purple dream

Of the America we have not been,  
The tropic empire, seeking the warm sea,

The pastoral rebellion of the earth  
Against machines, against the Age of Steam?"

The verse form is varied to fit the thought, and the thought changes often enough to prevent monotony.

—KATHERINE McCAMY.

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## Old Pybus

—WARWICK DEEPING.

We are not surprised to see Warwick Deeping's *Old Pybus* still heading the *Bookman* monthly score. It is the type of novel that will always be popular with the reading public. After reading "Sorrell And Son" and "Kitty," one finds that "*Old Pybus*" falls rather flat. But in spite of, as well as because of, their popularity it has become a best seller in the five months of its publication.

The well organized plot runs very smoothly as do Deeping's other stories, and the typical conventional characters play their parts true to life.

*Old Pybus*, the hotel "boots," is shunned by his sons Conrad and Probyn, who have gained great success in business, and is sought out by his grandson Lance. The old gentleman with the "head of a

Roman senator and the body of a fifteen year old lad", advises Lance in his literary efforts. He also helps him turn from the wrong girl and the wrong kind of love to the right girl and the only love.—And the story ends happily.

The "Venerable", as Lance calls his grandfather, sold books until the war ended his business. His sons, when speaking of their "dead" father, called him a literary man. When Lance discovers him, John Pybus proves to be an able critic of literature and a truthful judge of Lance's "scribblings."

Deeping's story is long drawn out, but not tedious. It is not exciting or spectacular, but it should be enjoyable and entertaining to all classes.

—ELIZABETH INGRAM

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## Marsh Sunset

BY LOUISE PITTMAN

*A scoop-rig sails noiselessly down the Wilmington River,—  
Above, a great white cloud-ship glides, stately, by;  
Both move along the white horizon,  
Between the tall pines silhouetted against the pastel-tinted sky.  
Marsh grasses sway gently in the cool evening breeze,—  
Marsh hens softly lull their young to rest;  
In the cottages, here and there above the marsh, lights begin  
to twinkle,  
As the sun sinks where the two ships meet.*

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## ALUMNAE

### What Commencement Means to an Alumna



It was a dream come true—my commencement time! All my life I had cherished the thought that one day I would become a graduate from a college distinguished in name and challenging in deed. As a child, saturated with books of college life and full of imaginings about the future, I acted out the drama of that part of my life when, as a "college girl", I should revel in the fun of other girls from far and near and when at last I should don the conventional cap and gown of the graduate. At last the days of commencement did arrive for that little girl, who was, I found, no other than my own self. It was difficult to

realize that four years of college life had passed, and had made of me a graduate from the institution I had learned to love.

Now, after a year away from student life, I can enjoy the clear perspective of what my commencement really meant for me; and my memory is filled with vivid pictures of those days. A sort of confused excitement and happiness imbued the whole time for me. Over all the air of friendliness prevailed. Everyone smiled and spoke kind words to the graduates. The faculty, not at all condescending, seemed to forget any silly blunders (and others not so silly) that we had made, and talked to us in quite a

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comradely fashion. Every graduate had "something to show you"—a gift from the family or friends—and often one would say, "I really never thought he would send me anything at all!" In a constant flutter, we viewed displays of gifts and were eager to relate our own news in that connection.

We dressed in our party frocks and attended teas and luncheons, and really thought we made a beautiful (anyway, surely a colorful) class for old Wesleyan. We met each other's families as we strolled through the halls or on the campus—delightfully interesting experiences, talking with those whom we had never seen and yet whom we seemed to have known before. To our pals of four years we promised to write. They had become very dear to us, and the break in our friendship saddened us. Indeed, our feelings during those days were mingled with sadness at partings, wistfulness for the past few years, a great

wonder at the future; and, then too, there was relief and great thankfulness that we had finally reached a definite goal.

The great night arrived—I have only to close my eyes and see it all again. The dignity of the faculty forever impressed me—the robes and insignia of learning, bedecking familiar figures, awed me. I was proud to be a part of the robed procession, and smiled in my elation at friends and at my beaming family. Soon the stillness of the congregation gave tribute to the magnetism and inspiration of the addresses of the occasion. The world seemed very, very large to me, seriously peering into the silent future. And suddenly a fearful question rose in my heart—would I fit in! Before I could realize it, my name was being called; and, unexpectedly calm, I walked up to receive my diploma. As I watched my class-mates file by and, in turn, be presented with the significant

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roll of sheep-skin, my thoughts were flooded with associations about each girl. Nearly every one had meant something definite to me during those years, together, and I cherished the memories each one recalled.

After each graduate had been duly awarded, we soon found ourselves out of Wesleyan Chapel—never more, as students, to enter again—and into the arms of our families and friends. Followed then half-tearful good-byes; and, as we turned away from our Alma Mater, there was already an empty feeling in our hearts for the happy college days forever past.

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# EXCHANGE

By ELIZABETH ANDERSON

## THE PINE BRANCH Georgia State Woman's College Valdosta, Georgia.

The March issue of The Pine Branch is well-rounded as a whole; the literary department is not well developed. There are a few fairly good poems and short stories. A feature article or a good book review would add a pleasing variety to this section of the magazine.

The short story "Mais Oui" is unusual, but slightly exaggerated. It paints a rather natural picture of the college type which mutilates the king's English and spouts French idioms. Strangely, however, the French was used correctly.

The best story, "What Was In It?" deserved a better title. It gives an inter-

esting and quaint picture of a little ten year old girl—her wonder of the secret of the man in the moon and her perplexing problem of whether she had been adopted. The story is true to child life.

We like "Mist" best of the poems. It is another silver-white lyric. The "Four Songs of Girlhood" is a poem sequence that flavors strongly of Sara Teasdale.

## SUBEMCO

Sue Bennett Memorial School  
London, Kentucky.

The Subemco for April is a very well balanced magazine. The editorials are both earnest and forcefully written. One shows the need of courtesy in the "push and shove" between classes, and

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3:45 a. m. 5:38 a. m. 6:45 a. m. 8:30 a. m.  
11:50 a. m. 1:45 p. m. 4:20 p. m. 5:20 p. m.

# CENTRAL of GEORGIA RAILWAY

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the other pleads for care of library books. We should like to requote Milton's opinion of a good book.

"A good book is the precious life blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured upon purpose of a life beyond life. As good almost to kill a man as kill a good book; who kills a man kills a reasoning creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were in the eye."

The best article in the magazine is the essay "War and Christianity." It is a cry against the horrors of war and against the American Naval policy, and in contrast it shows Christ's attitude toward war. It calls to us to accept society's challenge for peace.

"As I See Life" is an entertaining article from a Sue Bennett graduate, "Somebody's Stenog." Another rather different essay is "A Way and a Way", a modern Morality narrative. The article "The Country Store as a Social Center" would be helpful to all students laboring with freshman English themes. The "informational Narrative," "My Home Town" and the poem "To Kentucky" are good advertisements for London, Kentucky. "The Tardy Student", evidently written by a teacher, contains excellent advice for all students.

We would suggest that if the magazine were a little more "collegiate" the material would be more attractively presented.

### THE EMORY PHOENIX Emory University, Georgia

The April number of The Emory Phoenix is delightful. It is well-balanced in arrangement. The stories are unusual, the essays amusing, and the feature articles entertaining. Dooley's "Letter" is quite refreshing. The poetry of this issue seems rather good: "Cloud Ships" and "Star Gazers" are both full of color pictures. We should like to be able to quote the whole of the editorial, "On Being Literary."

### THE BRAMBLER

Sweet Briar College, Virginia.

The Brambler for March is a very well assembled publication. We like "Many Waters", "Mohammed Heard", and "Puppyhood Goes Travelling." All Horace's Odes and Epodes sufferers would enjoy "The Vengeance." Caralisa Barry's "Magnolias" is exquisite. There are several good book reviews in this issue. A. H.'s review of "The House Built With Hands" is particularly interesting. The February sampler is quite attractive.

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## The Rambler

By ELIZABETH McMAHON



UNNY, isn't it, this thing, "commencement?" It means exactly what it isn't and gets by with it. Nobody ever questions its right to be paradoxical. Every day you hear heated discussion about everything from the sins of the younger generation to the price of the last load of hay, but no one ever considers changing the meaning or the methods of commencement.

Perhaps the reason for this lack of interference is an unusual consideration for all baccalaureate speakers, who would be at a total loss to know how to begin an address if they were robbed of the time-honored privilege of explaining that the exercises mark the commencement of life for the graduates. This thing life seems to bring with it many privileges—dates, anywhere, any time, no more bootlicking, no exams. It all sounds too good to be true. But just think of the dignity that the future demands! A college "grad" could never stand on the street corner and yell "Wesleyan"; but I suppose life with all its privileges will also supply the necessary 20c!!

Anyway, just as sure as there are two sides to every question—especially when you haven't read the lesson—there are two ends to every school year. Commencement is the nicest of these ends. At the other extremity is matriculation and in between is a long stretch punctuated by Christmas and spring holidays, which break—or at least bend—the monotony. The very word "commencement" implies entertainment. Take, for example, a box of candy—I happen to be unusually hungry right now, the commencement is much more pleasant than the er-last piece. (Why doesn't someone



who is famous enough to be incorrect coin the word "finishment"?) And the—oh yes, I had a three hour exam, too, but, at least, I didn't have the writers' cramp at the beginning. Anyway, don't be pessimistic!

There's another funny thing about commencement. Every senior feels that it is her solemn duty to weep on the comforting shoulder of her sophomore sister—regardless of how hard it was for said senior to make those last two, vitally necessary quality credits. The juniors, in the midst of such grief, weep too—if for no other reason than because the sophomores and seniors seem to constitute a majority. And the freshmen cry out loud—simply because they don't know what else to do to keep from appearing hard-hearted. Thus, when every body is the happiest, more people cry than at any other time of the year unless it is the Sunday night after Christmas holidays when everybody simply must tell about "one week ago tonight".

Besides all the unusual pleasant sensations associated with commencement, the juniors feel a queer, sinking feeling which might be translated into a half-in-half mixture of thrill and fear. Wouldn't it be terrible if that easily recognized "senior air" should never come to them? How is it going to feel anyway to realize that there is no class above to bear all the responsibility and listen to all the tales of distress?

There are a host of noble thoughts which suggest themselves with the thought of commencement; but somehow I can't fail to remember the practical side of it. It should be inspiring to re-



call all the wonderful opportunities of the year; but, somehow, I feel that far, far more inspiring will be the thought

that the opportunity has come to sleep—undisturbed by bells, or thoughts of unread parallel!

## A Prayer

*Alone*

*I lift my prayer,*

*"Give me a greater heart, O God!"*

*Let not my soul be tied*

*By pettiness.*

*Let not the hands*

*Of slander, and of fear,*

*Of jealousy, and of hate*

*Press my cheek against the earth!*

*I am so little—*

*My eyes are so small*

*They see but the lesser things of life,*

*Behind which are the greater.*

*My ears are so small*

*They hear but the little things*

*Which drown out the splendid.*

*My soul aches*

*In my body.*

*It must burst out!*

*God in Heaven,*

*Hear me—*

*Give me a greater heart!*

—By MARY COTTON.

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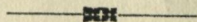


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